

The Occident

Established 1868

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OCCIDENTAL COLLEGE.

The fall term of Occidental College begins September 13th, in the fine new building at Highland Park. The photograph of the building kindly presented in this issue of THE OCCIDENT was taken just after the completion of the outside, and looks somewhat unfinished. A landscape gardener is making a plan for beautifying the grounds, though this work cannot be done until the fall rains.

The building is to be used wholly for recitation purposes, and will be far more convenient than the old structure, which was destroyed by fire. Sufficient money has been secured for the equipment of the laboratories, to give students good opportunities for practical work.

The College will for the present have no dormitories, but there are numbers of Christian families in the vicinity who desire to board students, and great care will be taken to locate all young people to the satisfaction of parents.

Highland Park is in the northeastern part of Los Angeles, two or three hundred feet higher than the center of the city, and commands a magnificent mountain view.

The Pasadena electric car system and the main line of the Santa Fe railway pass directly in front of the College campus, the fare for students being on the electric line five cents to Pasadena and two and one half cents to the center of Los Angeles.

A Presbyterian church is being organized which is holding meetings in the College chapel, and will probably continue to do so for some time.

A special effort is being made to secure a large Freshman class, and all new students in any of the College or Preparatory classes will be well pro-



OCCIDENTAL COLLEGE, LOS ANGELES, CAL.

vided for, and will be expected to become enthusiastic Occidentals.

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Tuition is \$60.00 per year, with half rates when necessary to ministers' children and candidates for the ministry or missionary work.

Students can board in comfortable homes at from \$18 to \$25 per month, or if desired can rent rooms to suit their purses and board themselves.

Every effort will be made to secure work for students who find it necessary to pay either all or part of their board in this way.

It must be remembered that in many institutions with nominally free tuition, the fees really amount to a charge for tuition.

Attention is called to the offer of THE OCCIDENT to give scholarships in Occidental to all young people who will secure each forty subscriptions to the paper.

The aim of Occidental is to train young men and young women so that they may become intelligent Christian citizens in the highest sense of the term.

Catalogues will be sent, and inquiries cheerfully answered, by the President, Rev. Guy W. Wadsworth, 827 Grand View Ave., Los Angeles, Cal.

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Subscribers wishing mailing address changed must give the old and the new address at the same time.

Address all communications to "THE OCCIDENT," 84 Donohoe Building, San Francisco, Cal., and not to individuals.

Lincoln's faith did not come to him by reasoning, but in the stress and strain of life. He laid hold upon certain great truths with the grip of a hungering and thirsting nature. It is in this way, I believe, that the strongest faith is attained. With his whole nature stretched to its highest tension, no man can avoid conviction. So long as he merely rests, remains inactive, passive, he may get along without a faith; but when his soul is awakened and his feeling is aroused, believe he must.—*Popular Science Monthly.*

The doctor—"Queer saying that about truth lying at the bottom of a well." The lawyer—"You wouldn't think so if you knew the amount of pumping we lawyers sometimes have to do to get at it."

Contributed Articles.

FAITH AND UNBELIEF.

BY REV. THOMAS FRASER, D. D.

[FOR THE OCCIDENT.]

Faith has been pronounced a mystic sentiment, undefinable and powerless. Directly opposed to this is attributing to faith the power to extirpate disease. Multitudes make the fatal mistake of relying on dead faith or faith professed while the heart remains unbelieving and impenitent.

According to the Confession of the Presbyterian church, Chap. XIV., Sec. 2, "By faith a Christian believeth to be true whatsoever is revealed in the Word, for the authority of God Himself speaking therein."

Believing that God *has* spoken in His Word and believing *whatsoever* He has spoken therein, are different things; with too many, different as darkness and light, sin and holiness. The first is possible without the second; the second is not possible without the first. The second is the superstructure resting on the foundation laid by the first; the proper effect of the first but *not* the invariable effect, as experience sadly proves. The belief that God has spoken in His Word is reasonable when reason demonstrates and certifies the fact. It saves when it takes the next step, acts on its own decree, believes *whatsoever* God has spoken, believes God when He speaks. So far is it from saving the soul, it often marks the extremity of suicidal madness and God-defying wickedness. Thousands believe or profess to believe that God has spoken in His Word, but they do not believe Him when He speaks. Standing before the holy and heart-searching God, in thought and deed, if not in word, they tell him that He lies. "He that believeth not God hath made Him a liar because he believeth not the record that God gave of His Son." Take heed, brethren, lest there be in any of you an evil heart of unbelief in departing from the living God. The Israelites after passing through the Red Sea perished miserably in the Wilderness and could not enter the promised land because of unbelief. Hence God's complaint to Moses: "How long will this people provoke me and how long will it be ere they believe me for all the signs which I have showed among them?"

Unbelief makes God a liar. Hardened through the deceitfulness of sin, the unbeliever departs from the living God—goes back unto perdition. No mystery is deeper, darker, more impenetrable and appalling than the unbelief con-

demned in Scripture. Its acknowledgement of revelation leaves it without excuse, intensifies its malignity, necessitates and aggravates its condemnation. This, said Christ, is the condemnation, that light is come into the world, and men loved darkness rather than light, because their deeds were evil.

Believing whatsoever God has spoken is agreeable to reason; in its operation most fruitful, blessed and glorious. God cannot lie. Reason declares that God has spoken. Faith accepts the verdict of reason, adds thereto the testimony of personal experience, opens the soul to the influx of saving truth and purifies the soul in obeying the truth. God speaks of infinite matters as only the infinite God can speak, opens His very heart, pours Himself out in wonderful revelations, tender entreaties, awful warnings, exceeding great and precious promises. He speaks to the mind, the heart and the conscience of man.

When faith vanquishes unbelief the whole man responds in harmony with the Word believed; comes into vital contact and loving fellowship with His God and Savior. With adoring wonder he exclaims:

"King of kings, and wilt Thou deign
O'er this wayward heart to reign?
Henceforth take it for thy throne,
Rule here, Lord, and rule alone.

"Then, like heaven's angelic bands,
Waiting for Thine high commands,
All my powers shall wait on Thee,
Captive, yet divinely free."

Faith surrenders and consecrates the soul to God. With the heart man believeth unto righteousness. Salvation is through sanctification of the Spirit and belief of the truth. It begins here and now with the exercise of faith; the assurance thereof develops with the growth of faith; its blessings subjectively considered are the fruits of faith, and faith itself is the fruit of the Spirit. Objectively considered—deliverance from guilt, a divine passport to glory, faith is the indispensable condition, not arbitrarily demanded, but essentially necessary. Man as a rational being must consent to be saved; saved by grace, he must approve the plan and accept the provisions of grace; he must sympathize, harmonize and co-operate with his Savior. All this faith achieves. This and much more our Confession asserts and emphasizes. "By faith a Christian acteth differently upon that which each particular passage of the Word containeth, yielding obedience to the commands, trembling at the threatenings, and embracing the promises of God for this life and that

which is to come. But the principal acts of saving faith are accepting, receiving, and resting upon Christ alone for justification, sanctification and eternal life, by virtue of the covenant of grace."

Illimitable as God's revelation is the vision of "pure-eyed faith." So also is its power. The faith that saves may be limited in its range, fastens primarily and chiefly upon the great Redeemer, and then reposes in sweet, childlike trust. Thus countless millions have found

"A joy unknown in heaven—
The new born peace of sin forgiven."

The younger Pitt, England's great war minister, on his death bed confessed his faith in the simple words: "I trust in the mercy of God through the merits of Christ." Dr. Archibald Alexander, at the close of his long life, said: "All my theology is reduced to this, 'It is a faithful saying and worthy of all acceptation, that Christ Jesus came into the world to save sinners.'" Dr. Bethune, the day before his death, wrote these beautiful lines:

"I read God's holy Word, and find
Great truths which far transcend my mind,
And little do I know beside
Of thoughts so high, so deep and wide;
This is my best theology,
I know the Savior died for me.

"My faith is weak, but 'tis Thy gift;
Thou canst my helpless soul uplift,
And say, 'Thy bonds of death are riven,
Thy sins by Me are all forgiven;
And thou shalt live from guilt set free,
For I, thy Savior, died for Thee.'"

The Hymn "My Days Are Gliding Swiftly By."

How and When Composed.

BY REV. J. J. MARKS, D. D.

(For The Occident.)

The Rev. David Nelson, the author of this hymn, was in many respects the most remarkable man I have ever known; was born in East Tennessee, in the town of Jonesboro. His parents were slave holders. He was brought up in the lap of ease and indulgence. He was educated in Dr. Dokes' collegiate institute. He studied medicine, became a surgeon in Gen. Harrison's army of 1812, and secured for himself in this situation the reputation of being one of the bravest and most humane of men. After the war had closed he resumed practice in Danville. In the early years of his professional life he was skeptical, and received the French infidelity of the time. From this he gradually recoiled, and as time rolled on, the character of Jesus appears to have swept away every skeptical doubt, and profoundly affected him to the end of his life. He could never speak that

blessed name without tears. He felt himself to be such a monument of mercy. To the surprise of his former companions he professed religion, and joined the Presbyterian church. Very soon after this he presented himself to the Presbytery and desired to be licensed to preach, that he might be able to undo some of the evil that he had done. Some of the venerable fathers were doubtful about the wisdom of this. He had no theological training, but his first sermon before the Presbytery removed all doubt. After licensure his principal efforts were directed against the infidelity of which he had been the champion. In this he was eminently successful, for his arguments were winning and drawn from his own experience. From the first of his ministry he manifested the deepest interest in foreign missions. This grew from day to day, until it became the absorbing passion of his life. For this he prayed, he planned, and was fifty years in advance of his time and the church. Thus while he was the pastor of the church in Danville, Kentucky, he began to organize a plan to enable poor young men to gain an education and prepare to go to the remotest lands. To make this successful he, with the aid of many friends, purchased large bodies of public land in Missouri. These lands were to be divided for the support of the students and the professors. Such was the captivating power of Dr. Nelson, such the saintliness and unworldliness of the man, that a large number of the most distinguished men of the West and East fell into cooperation with the plan. It awakened an enthusiasm apparently supernatural. Everywhere money was almost forced on the men who accompanied the Doctor as agents, for he received no money himself. In this way I suppose that not less than \$500,000 was collected for the purchase of lands, building of houses for the students, and homes for the professors. The enthusiasm of the hour as a mighty torrent swept every obstacle out of the way. Thus at the beginning of 1836 fully 800 students were in attendance. This was soon followed by many emigrants from the free states, who came for homes and for business interests. Thus began there "the irrepressible contest" between freedom and slavery. Many of the prominent politicians and clergymen of Missouri now favored emancipation, such as Senator Benton, and the Rev. Dr. Potts of St. Louis. Many thought that Missouri was on the eve of becoming a free state. This hope,

loudly proclaimed, increased the number who hurried to the state to add to the area of freedom, and to find, in a most fertile and beautiful land, a home. Cities began to be built, villages started up in the solitudes of the great prairies. For a time the slave-holders of Marion County and the neighboring counties were silent, for their farms were trebled in value and there was a remunerative market for all productions. Consequently there was a rapid increase in the value of every slave. As of old Satan often joins in the councils of the saints, and presents himself with the sons of God. Dr. Nelson's financial manager was William Muldrow, one of the most wily, adroit and unscrupulous of men. He professed to be most enthusiastic in carrying to success all Dr. Nelson's plans. He had gone with the Doctor to New England, New York and Pennsylvania, and had won a high place in the esteem and confidence of the wisest and best men of the land.

At the hour when the future of the college appeared most assured, when some of the most distinguished men had accepted professorships, when every steamer from the Ohio and Mississippi brought students, at this hour fell on us the cyclone which dashed to ruin our glory and turned to dust the labor of years. Dr. Nelson in the latter part of the month of May 1836 preached in the church of Greenfield, Missouri. A very large congregation had gathered to hear him. In this were many prominent slave-holders. At the end of the service Mr. Muldrow arose and requested the liberty of reading a paper. He stood near Dr. Nelson, under the pulpit, on one of the long benches of the time. The paper he read pledged the signers to emancipation of their slaves, and that measures should be taken for their immediate freedom. At the conclusion

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of the reading Dr. Bosley, a wealthy man, and a large slave-holder, rose in his place and denounced Muldrow as "a hypocrite and unprincipled scoundrel." As he spoke he advanced towards Muldrow, and when he came near, lifted his cane and struck at him. Muldrow seized the cane in his left hand, and drawing his sheath-knife with his right hand struck Bosley over his shoulder in the back. A terrible confusion instantly arose, women shrieked and fell fainting on the floor. For a few moments the church was a scene of the wildest frenzy. Some prayed, some wept, some shrieked murder, some drew pistols and knives and demanded that the anti-slavery men should be driven from the state as public enemies and deserving of death. Dr. Nelson stood in the pulpit, praying and weeping, and lifting up his voice above the tumult begged the people to remember that they were neighbors and brothers. Soon Dr. Bosley fell back into the arms of his friend. He was borne out into the open air, fainting. The consternation, the fear that he might be dying, enabled the congregation to escape from the house, and they fled panic-stricken to their homes. That was a day never to be forgotten. Men rushed on horseback from town to town, from house to house, calling upon all slaveholders and their friends to arise and drive Dr. Nelson from the state and burn down the college building. The friends of Dr. Nelson assembled around the college and his home for his defence. All entreated him in order to avoid the shedding of blood to make arrangements for immediate flight to Illinois. To this was added the tears of Mrs. Nelson and their children. After midnight of that day the Doctor, attended by three students, left his home, and started for the city of Quincy, Ill. The country was full of armed men rushing in every direction. The Doctor and his companions did not dare to take the public roads, but followed the obscure neighborhood paths. About 8 o'clock the next morning they came out of the entanglements of North River into the main road from Palmyra to Quincy. There stood at the junction eight or ten men who were there to shoot Dr. Nelson, or to bring him back to be assassinated in Palmyra. The students seeing the glittering rifles in the hands of the waiting men advised flight into the swamps. "No," said Dr. Nelson, "we will meet them." He advanced, greeted them by name, asked for their families. Not an angry word was uttered, not a gun lifted. They

were as so many Ahabs before Elijah. He told them he was on his way to Quincy, bade them good morning, and rode away. For a time the men stood silent, like those palsied, but soon they rallied and rather than meet the scorn that awaited them, resolved to take the Doctor dead or alive. Soon they reached the banks of the Fabius river. It had to be crossed in order to reach the ferry house opposite Quincy. There was no ferry in those days across Fabius river, and the students being on foot it was not possible to cross, and hearing the enemy approaching, they took the tangled path on the right bank of the stream. In a few moments their pursuers reached the ford. Here they paused for consultation. The majority crossed the stream. Three of them however followed along the path where Dr. Nelson and his companions had gone. Soon they overtook him, and one of them rushed forward and drew up his rifle to shoot him. At that moment the man's horse became entangled in a grape vine and fell to the ground. The leg of the animal was broken and the bullet designed for the Doctor put an end to the sufferings of the horse. This was the end of their pursuit. It was the season of the annual rise of the Mississippi, and the entire valley was covered with water to the depth of from two to five feet. Through the jungle of thorny vines, swamp and flood, they pressed their way, until they came near the Mississippi. Here, on the trunk of a large fallen tree, a little above the water, the Doctor found a resting place. In the shadows of the evening the students secured means of crossing to Quincy. They sought and found some of his friends and told of the flight and the peril. The same night they bore back to the Doctor food, blankets, pen, ink and paper. For three days he remained on that fallen tree. There he wrote the first three chapters of his celebrated book, "Cause and Cure of Infidelity." In those days he also wrote the hymn "My Days Are Gliding Swiftly By." Much of the language and the figures of the hymn were suggested by the scene and the time. He had only to lift the tendrils of the vine under which he sat, and there glided the waters of the great river—"My days are gliding swiftly by." In the shadows of the night his friends would as softly as possible guide their canoe—"Our friends are passing over." As night came on the lamps of the city of Quincy were lighted. The city being much above the river the reflected light from the waters made the scene brilliant. Thus, "Just before, the shining shore we may almost discover." I have written this in the hope that those who sing the hymn will have a fresh interest in it and its author. Santa Monica, Cal.

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A WORD FOR "THE OCCIDENT."

It must be gratifying to the Editor to be assured that his efforts in bringing THE OCCIDENT up to a high standard of excellence is appreciated by its readers. Those with whom I am acquainted say that it compares favorably with any of the religious weeklies published in the East. One of my friends writes: "I read your church paper with pleasure and profit; it is worthy of a liberal patronage and an extensive circulation."

Friends of THE OCCIDENT are glad to learn that it is gaining new subscribers every week; and that the prospects for a much larger field of usefulness for this paper were never more encouraging. No good reason can be given why it should not have a large circulation on the Pacific Coast. There are probably not less than 35,000 Presbyterian families in Washington, Oregon and California. Why not have THE OCCIDENT in every one of these homes? Every family within these limits, desiring to be intelligently loyal to Presbyterianism, should subscribe for our own church paper and read it.

The best evidence that I can give of my appreciation of the OCCIDENT is the fact that I have been a regular subscriber and reader of this paper ever since its first issue, more than a quarter of a century ago. I would not on any account be deprived of its newsy items and helpful articles. Indeed, I cannot understand how any family in our church can afford to be ignorant of the work and progress of Presbyterianism on this side of the Continent.

The Editor and Manager of THE OCCIDENT may rest assured that I shall be pleased to speak a good word for it, wherever and whenever opportunity presents itself.

T. A. R.

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The Occident

A Presbyterian Family Newspaper.

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Room 84, Fourth Floor. - - - DONOHUE BUILDING
SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

REV. W. B. NOBLE, D. D.,

EDITOR

JOHN M. FORSYTH,

LESSEE AND MANAGER

By an arrangement with the authorities of Occidental College, Los Angeles, Cal., we are now able to make a very generous offer to getters-up of clubs for THE OCCIDENT. We offer a scholarship, that is, a year's tuition, in that excellent institution, as a premium for forty subscribers to THE OCCIDENT at \$2 each.

We will also give to members of such clubs the advantage of our Bible premium offer, details of which are given elsewhere.

A PARTING WORD.

In retiring from the editorship of THE OCCIDENT, I desire to say that my reasons for doing so are wholly what may be called geographical. The duties of the office have been pleasant to me, and had I remained in the neighborhood of San Francisco I should have been willing to continue their discharge indefinitely. But my decision to accept a call to the Presbyterian church of Redlands in Southern California necessitates my turning over these duties and the honors of the editorial office to another.

The readers of THE OCCIDENT are to be congratulated upon the fact that another has been found so well qualified for the office as Rev. Theodore F. Burnham, of Vallejo. He is no stranger to them and needs no word of introduction. He has been for a long time our Encyclopaedia, answering well and wisely all manner of questions. He was our correspondent at the recent General Assembly, and frequent contributions from his pen have appeared in our columns. I feel confident that he will stand for the principles which THE OCCIDENT has heretofore represented, and push still farther the improvements I have sought to make in the character and contents of the paper.

I desire to express my gratitude for the kindly appreciation my efforts in this direction have met. Many letters have been received from brethren prominent and influential in our church, and many kind words have been spoken by men and women in all ranks of life, indicative of their growing interest in and enjoyment of THE OCCIDENT. This appreciation has cheered me under labors which have often been performed at a disadvantage and hurriedly, because of the pressing duties of a pastorate which has had a prior claim upon my time. It

has not been possible under the circumstances to actualize my ideal of a religious newspaper. But that some progress has been made I am encouraged to believe upon the testimony of many readers; and I am thankful to have done what I could.

In this connection I would also say that much of the credit of the paper's improvement and success belongs to Mr. Forsyth, the Manager, whose practical knowledge and untiring industry have been its mainstay; and to Miss Prutzman, whose painstaking care in proof-reading has relieved me of much labor and anxiety. Happy is my successor in having their continued aid.

I shall not say goodbye to the readers of THE OCCIDENT, for I not only take my place in the ranks again as one of themselves, but I hope to be an occasional contributor (if indeed my contributions may be so fortunate as to pass muster with the new editor), and so to speak to them from time to time as an old friend. During a residence of twelve years in California I have felt an ever-growing interest in the progress of our beloved Presbyterian church on the Pacific Coast, and in all her institutions, whether literary, educational, missionary or charitable. With regard to any and all of them, I trust I shall still be found willing, as I may have opportunity, to lend a helping hand.

W. B. Noble.

DEATH OF REV. DR. BANKS.

Rev. D. Stuart Banks, D.D., died suddenly of heart disease, at Santa Cruz, Cal., on the 13th inst. The announcement brings to us a sense of personal loss, for Dr. Banks was a man we had known and loved for many years. Our first attempts at preaching, after licensure, were made in the churches he was at the time serving in the beautiful valley which skirted one of the branches of the Juniata and in the mountain wilds of the Broadtop coal region. He was highly esteemed there as a man of genial disposition, of noble and self-sacrificing spirit, and of wisdom in the guidance of church affairs. And this character he has sustained throughout a ministry of thirty-five years, most of which has been spent upon Home Mission ground. He was born in Juniata Co., Penn., in 1834, graduated at Princeton Theological Seminary in 1859, and was ordained in 1863. After two years of home missionary service in the mountain regions of Pennsylvania, he was called to the Brainerd church of Easton, of which he was pastor for eight years. For the next nine years he served the church of Marquette, Mich., as its pastor, during which time his influence and labors extended over a wide missionary region on the shores of Lake Superior. And for several years after resigning that pastorate, he continued to labor in that general region, and was widely known and beloved.

He came to California in 1888 and the ten years spent here have been years of quiet but abundant usefulness. Independent of pecuniary support, it has

been his mission to help weak and struggling churches over hard places, to encourage them to the payment of debts or the building of houses of worship by liberally giving with them, and to guide them by wise counsel out of "trouble" arising from discord and strife. Several of our California churches have reason to cherish his memory with peculiar affection for his labors of love wrought in their midst. At the time of his death we were trying to persuade him to go to a church which was in special need of the guidance of such a man as he was. A letter from him said he was too ill to go anywhere or undertake any work, and before the letter was opened the hand that had written and sealed it was cold in death.

Dr. Banks left no family; was never married; but like Paul he cherished the feeble churches "as a nurse cherishes her children." And these were his "hope and joy and crown of rejoicing," and shall be in the presence of our Lord Jesus Christ at his coming.

OUR NATIONAL ANTHEM.

The Editor of the *Monitor*, the organ of the Roman Catholic church on the Pacific Coast, takes occasion to thrust a contemptuous sneer at the popular air "America," which is sung by everybody, and everywhere, even in our worshipping assemblies, which is taught to the children and youth in all our schools, including the Sunday school, and which has so long been universally recognized as our National Anthem. The Editor says it "is dying a natural death. It is literally played out." This is evidently a case in which the wish is father to the thought. Being a hater of England and everything the most remotely English, his objection to it is that it is "God Save the Queen," in an American dress, he overlooking the fact that this, in these times of talk about an Anglo-Saxon alliance, adds to its appropriateness. But he also wishes it set aside so that it may give place to a piece which he says was written by a Roman Catholic. We are glad to accept and make use of every good thing that will help along the cause of our country, without even wishing to know the religion of the one furnishing it. We admire and shall continue to sing "The Star Spangled Banner," as we have always done, because of its merit and not on account of the man who wrote it, but we are not yet prepared either to haul down our flag or to withdraw our National Anthem at the demand of a representative of any form of religion of any sort, or of any nationality other than our own.

We wish, however, to call attention to the fact that the Editor of the *Monitor* has, through a certain class of our teachers, a great degree of control over the instruction of the children in the public schools, and to express the hope that our School Directors will see well to it that this influence is not allowed to prevail to any degree in accomplishing the object evidently so dear to the *Monitor* Editor's heart, the abolition of

our National Anthem and its replacement by one of his own selection, more acceptable to him and those whose hearts throb in unison with his own.—*Plymouth Rock.*

Death in the Ministry.

Rev. James P. Hendrick, D. D., of Flemingsburg, Ky., died on Friday, July 15, having reached the age of 70 only two days previous. He was one of the best known and beloved ministers of Kentucky. For many years he has been stated clerk of Ebenezer Presbytery, faithful and indefatigable in the performance of all his many duties. He was born in Jessamine County, Ky., July 13, 1828, and was educated at Center College and McCormick Seminary. He was ordained October 13, 1853, by the Presbytery of West Texas, and served as home missionary for one year at San Antonio, Texas. For the following two years he was stated supply of the churches of Carlisle, Concord and Morganfield, becoming pastor at Flemingsburg July 13, 1858, on his thirtieth birthday, where he served for forty years. He was a chaplain in the Union army in 1861. His "Prayers for Family Worship" was published three years ago, and is a very helpful and suggestive volume.

Church News.

CALIFORNIA.

The address of Rev. Samuel Conn, Pueblo, Colorado, has been changed to Monterey, California.

Rev. H. N. Bevier has gone to Shasta Retreat for a brief visit and work.

Rev. E. Woodward Brown preached for Westminster church last Sunday evening, owing to the indisposition of Dr. Cryor who has a touch of "la grippe."

SAN FRANCISCO.—Rev. O. C. Miller, of the Church of the Holy Spirit, S. F., has been commissioned chaplain of the Eighth California Volunteers, and has already entered upon his work with very favorable prospects of usefulness.

SAN FRANCISCO—Westminster.—Rev. Dr. Cryor was confined to his bed all of last week with an attack of grippe. He is improving and expects to be in the pulpit next Sunday. In the morning the pulpit was occupied by Miss Murcutt, of Australia and the Woman's Christian Temperance Union, who made an interesting address on her favorite topic. In the evening the pulpit was occupied by Rev. E. Woodward Brown.

SAN FRANCISCO—Olivet Church.—On last Sabbath the regular quarterly communion was held in this church. Six members, all heads of families, were received into the church. On April last, which has not yet been reported to THE OCCIDENT, fourteen were received, among them Elder T. B. DeWitt, M. D., and wife from the First church, making in all twenty members. The work of the church is progressing finely, about eighty members in the Y. P. S. C. E., a large and flourishing Sunday school: ex-

cellent congregations assemble for worship often taking up all the seating capacity of the church. The pastor, Rev. E. G. Mathena, D. D., is rounding out ten years of labor in this church.

LOS ANGELES.—The Central Presbyterian church at its last communion service received fourteen new members into its fellowship. This makes thirty-seven that have been received during the Rev. Mr. Jones' brief pastorate. Both the Y. P. S. C. E. and the young ladies' Golden Rule mission club have increased their mission pledges for the ensuing year ten per cent. on last year, and anticipate no difficulty in meeting them. Our missionary to Africa, Mrs. Mary Hayes Johnson, is expected home on a visit some time in August. Dr. Johnson will probably arrive a little later.

PLACERVILLE.—After the morning service, July 10th, the Lord's Supper was administered by our pastor. June 29th and 30th the County S. S. Convention held its first meeting in the Presbyterian church. The attendance was small, but those present were very much interested and greatly blessed. Our ladies' missionary society meets once a month. These meetings are proving very instructive and a help in many ways. The C. E. society elected new officers the last meeting in June. The Junior society will have a vacation till the first of September.

OAKLAND.—The First church had the pleasure of listening to Dr. Coyle today, who had just returned from a flying trip to New York. It was well understood that the trip had been made in response to a call from the Madison Avenue church, which had been recently tendered the Doctor, and was intended for a survey of the field before an answer was given. His hearers were much gratified to learn from the pulpit today that the result of the trip was a decision to remain in Oakland. With the reopening of the schools, the summer tourists are getting back and all branches of church activities are looking up. While there is no vacation of the various church societies during the summer season they all feel the thinning out process which follows the yearly exodus to mountain, valley and seashore. Now that the members are all getting back, church work will resume its wonted activity.

SKYLAND.—Rev. John G. Watson, formerly missionary to Hamadan, Persia, supplied the church at Skyland on Sunday last.

OAKLAND.—There is great satisfaction felt on the coast that Dr. Coyle is to remain here.

VALLEJO.—Elder Robert B. Barr of the Vallejo church who recently suffered from a stroke of apoplexy has the sympathy of a large circle of friends in his affliction.

OREGON.

PORTLAND—Calvary Church.—The Sunday school has been busy lately with the exercises of Children's Day,

the annual excursion up the Columbia, and arranging for the summer's work. The pastor, Rev. John Morrison, is now preaching a course of morning sermons on the Lord's Prayer. Five new members were received at the July communion and thirteen at the preceding bi-monthly communion. The people are pleased over the appointment of Mr. Frank Jackson by the Christian Commission to religious work among the soldiers in the Philippines. Mr. Jackson grew up in Calvary church and recently has been assistant secretary of the San Francisco Y. M. C. A. Eight young men from the church families are among the soldiers. Oregon, with its fine regiment and this earnest Christian worker, will be well represented there.

INDEPENDENCE.—On Friday evening, June 24th, the ladies of Calvary Presbyterian church held their fourth annual rose fair in the Opera House. The display of roses was both large and varied, and the crowd in attendance showed their appreciation of the excellent program by their splendid order. After the program was over and the various prizes awarded, ice cream and cake were served and the crowd manifested their appreciation of the latter feature in a hearty manner. The proceeds of the fair helped somewhat to lessen the church debt. "A little one shall become a thousand and a small one a strong nation. I, the Lord, will hasten it in his time," taken from Isaiah 60:22, formed the text for an excellent patriotic sermon preached by Rev. G. H. Whiteman on the morning of July 3rd. On the evening of the same day the union service, which will be carried on during the summer between the Presbyterian and Methodist Episcopal churches, was commenced, the services being held in the latter church and the sermon being preached by the pastor of the Presbyterian church. Our pastor, Rev. Whiteman, spent last week in Oregon City attending Chautauqua. He returned home Saturday evening.

GRANT'S PASS—Bethany Church.—Our pastor, Rev. Robert McLean, has had the pleasure, the past week, of entertaining one of his old time friends, Rev. C. L. Albright, D. D., of the Pilgrim Congregational church of Boston, Mass., who preached for us Sabbath morning, giving us a very interesting and helpful sermon from John 18:18, "And Peter stood with them and warmed himself," speaking particularly of the danger Christians are in, warming themselves at the firesides of Christ's foes. Sabbath evening a union service was held in the Newman M. E. Church where Rev. Albright preached a powerful sermon from Jude 22, 23, "and of some have compassion making a difference; and others, save with fear, pulling them out of the fire, hating even the garment spotted by the flesh." We were pleased to meet our pastor's friend, who is one of the "pillars of the church," a man "strong in the power of the Lord," entirely consecrated in his work for the Master.

BANDON.—Rev. and Mrs. W. C. Scott of this place celebrated the 20th anni-

versary of their wedding last Monday evening. A large assembly of invited guests congregated to pay their respects to the honored couple. Many gifts of chinaware were received by them from friends. The ceremony took place at the Presbyterian church, the interior of which had been tastefully decorated for the occasion. A beautiful floral bell hung directly over the platform and other tasteful floral designs profusely adorned the building. Shortly after 8 o'clock the wedding march was struck up by little Malcolm and Willie Telford, which was most ably executed. Rev. and Mrs. Scott were preceded to the altar by many little girls dressed in snowy white garments. Flowers were strewn by these little bridesmaids, thus making a veritable pathway of roses for the couple. Mrs. Scott wore a beautiful cream-colored costume, and orange blossoms adorned her hair, while Mr. Scott wore the conventional black. At the altar the ceremony was conducted by Rev. George Gillespie of Marshfield, who in a few well-chosen words congratulated the couple upon their devotion and fidelity to each other as well as the grand work accomplished by them during the 20 years of their wedded life. After the ceremony Mrs. Scott responded with a well-chosen selection for the occasion and Rev. Scott also gave a few remarks urging the advantages and happiness of wedded life as he had seen it. Miss Kallona Scott, daughter of Rev. and Mrs. Scott, sang "Home Sweet Home," and the guests joined in the chorus. After which Miss Scott recited a poem, written expressly for Mr. and Mrs. Scott, describing their life-work during the past 20 years. The piece was written by Mrs. Clara D. Bird, wife of the Presbyterian minister at Pacific Grove, Cal. A most pleasing recitation was given by little Irma Hunt, also an harmonica solo by the Telford brothers. A hymn entitled "China Wedding Anniversary" was sung by all present to the tune of "Auld Lang Syne." This piece was also written expressly for the occasion by F. B. Reeves of Philadelphia. After this a luncheon was served and the evening devoted to congratulations to Mr. and Mrs. Scott and social converse among all present.—*Bandon Recorder.*

ASHLAND.—Dr. T. F. Day is delighting and richly instructing many of the attendants at the Southern Oregon Chautauqua with his sermons and Bible lessons. He is a masterly teacher of the Holy Word and a very attractive preacher. At the close of Chautauqua he will give his lecture on "An Inside View of Mormonism."

EASTERN CHURCH NEWS.

The Rev. J. M. Alexander, D. D., of the Presbyterian Board of Foreign Missions, writes from India: "In all the years of my work in India, I have never seen so much earnest inquiry as now. In all the villages the people hear us gladly and eagerly, and if it were not for the dreadful caste system, whole villages would come out and pro-

fess Christianity. The people seem convinced of sin as never before, and they are ready to acknowledge their need of a Saviour."

NEW YORK.

The Presbytery of Albany, at its last stated meeting, appointed a strong committee, of which the Rev. William Durant, D. D., of Saratoga, is chairman, to recommend a method for the examination of sessional records, which shall consume less time and avoid the confusion of the one in vogue, and promote more uniformity in results. A plan has since been formulated for submission at the September session of Presbytery, which provides for the appointment of a Standing Committee, composed of an equal number of ministers and elders, who, in addition to noting exceptions, are to seek to stimulate sessions to keep "a fair record" of their proceedings "correctly recorded," both "accurate and neat."

NEBRASKA.

Lincoln.—The First church of this city, the Rev. W. M. Hindman, D. D., pastor, celebrated the Supper of Our Lord, July 3, at which time ten persons united with the church; making about one hundred and sixty-five additions in the past year and a half of the present pastorate. These results have been secured, not by holding special evangelistic meetings, but by the faithful preaching of the Word by the pastor. Each communion has seen additions both by letter and on confession of Christ. Aside from the local work, Dr. Hindman is taking a deep interest in the missionary work of the presbytery and synod. By personal appeal and correspondence he is encouraging many weak churches to give of their substance to the support of the gospel, and aiding them to get pastors.

Omaha.—The Westminster church expects their pastor-elect, Dr. Moore, of Helena, Mont., to assume his duties Sept. 1. Dr. Stephen Phelps presided at the communion service July 10, and ten new members were received.

Rev. A. A. Kiehle, D. D., of Milwaukee, has declined the call of the First church, of this city.

ILLINOIS.

Chicago.—Rev. W. J. Chichester, D. D., of Chicago, is spending the summer at Hotel Champlain, Clinton County, N. Y.

Chicago.—Services at the Fourth Presbyterian church were conducted last Sunday by the Rev. P. E. Kipp, D. D., of San Diego, California. In the morning he preached an able and patriotic sermon, in which, among other things, he said, "We have entered upon this war for the sake of humanity."

WISCONSIN.

Madison.—Rev. Barton B. Bigler, of Frankfort, Indiana, has accepted the call of Christ Presbyterian church, Madison, as the successor of Rev. Joseph W. Cochran, of Philadelphia, and began his work on July 17.

KANSAS.

Girard.—Rev. Robert Liddell, who has been laboring on the Pacific coast for a number of years, has accepted an invitation to take charge of this church. This people have been without a pastor since last autumn, and are glad to have the stated means of grace again. Girard is the county seat of Crawford county, one of the rich and prosperous counties of the eastern part of the state. In it we have six churches, Pittsburgh, Cherokee, Monmouth, Walnut, McCune and Girard. Girard has a membership of over 200 and ought to be one of the strong and helpful churches of the synod.

The Problem of the "Bike."

BY REV. C. A. S. DWIGHT.

There are some people who are so infatuated with the bicycle as not to be willing to admit that there exists any question at all regarding it, save the problem of securing the best machine at the lowest price. Yet there is a problem of the 'bike, and it is an increasingly complex one. The wheel is not of unmitigated advantage. Certainly no reason exists why it should not be dispassionately commented on, as it certainly is not a little tin god on wheels that it cannot be criticised. Of course, where so many ride, it may be difficult to impanel an impartial jury to decide on the merits of the machine, but a just verdict should be attainable from such at least as are neither crazed devotees of nor prejudiced abstainers from the wheel.

The bicycle has come at all events, and has come with a rush. Whether or not it has come to stay cannot be decided at this early stage in its history. But just now at all events it is here in its full glory. And so rapid has been the evolution of the wheel that we are hardly as yet conscious of the changed conditions of affairs it has entailed. During 1895, 500,000 wheels were manufactured, or imported into the country. From January 1 to May 1, 1896, one-third more wheels were disposed of than during the whole of the year 1895. According to a conservative estimate the number of wheels owned in New York City alone is 300,000, while enough more are on rental to make more than one machine for every family on Manhattan Island and in the annexed district. These figures might be matched, if not exceeded, in other populous centers of America.

But of more real consequence than the trade question is the health problem connected with bicycle riding. Here again it is too early to form a reliable opinion, based on a sufficient number of well-attested particulars, as to physical effects of such exercise. This question is one for the medical experts to decide, nor can they form a valuable judgment on the subject in a hurry. Possibly medical science itself will somewhat change its methods as certain old troubles are improved out of the way by use of the wheel, and on the other hand, various new bicycle diseases are induced. In any case, the health ques-

tion is a serious one. If by judicious and moderate use of the bicycle the average health of the American people can be improved, the result will be matter for rejoicing, but abuse, or over-use of the wheel cannot be too earnestly deprecated. The bicycle is one of the tools or agencies that tend to physical benefit when employed intelligently, though it is liable to be abused through the American tendency to go to excess in all lines, since it is a human instinct to always try to go one mile better than a rival's record.

Evidently then the bicycle cannot help but exert a great influence on social life and customs. It has introduced a number of new problems into private and public affairs. One of the most apparent of these questions is the commercial problem. The disturbing influence of the bicycle on other lines of trade is only beginning to be estimated. The shoemakers complain that they find a call largely, if not exclusively, for bicycle shoes; the clothing men say that men and boys save now on their dress in order to accomplish the purchase of wheels; the hatters experience the sensation of seeing some of the finest products of their arts repose unbought week after week in their show windows, while the jewelers are chagrined over the evident preference of young men nowadays for tires rather than for pearls and diamonds. And it is to be noted also (and this with satisfaction) that as one result of the extension of the practice of bicycle riding there appears to be less smoking of cigarettes by the boys and less drinking of hard liquors by the men. Disturbances of trade and readjustments of enterprise as new inventions appear is, of course, inevitable, nor is the wheel necessarily to be blamed because it has proved no exception to the rule of commercial change as mechanical appliances are developed.

But more than all, and fraught with consequences vastly weightier, because not temporal, but eternal, is the religious problem of the wheel. Multitudes act as though there were no such question, but all earnest and thoughtful lovers of God and of humanity know that there is. The bicycle has become a great Sabbath desecrator. We need not take the position that all use of the bicycle as a means of locomotion on Sunday is sinful in order to make out its Sabbath-breaking character as practically employed by many. It is no more wrong to ride to church on two wheels than on four, if it is right to ride at all on the Sabbath. The wheel is but a mechanical conveyancer, and no malign spirit of sin resides within it as such. But it is a very different and reprehensible thing when the wheel is employed to convey a rider past perhaps a score of churches, into none of which does he enter, and towards sundown he transports his aching limbs back to his city lodgings. No man has moral right to tear about all over the country on the Sabbath day. That thing is demoralizing in the extreme, and is doing our young people irreparable harm, in soul certainly, and perhaps in body, too.

"Bike" and buggy are two great menaces of the American Sabbath, and the bicycle is nowadays quite eclipsing the buggy.

The questions of the wheel, it is true, are many and complex, and some of them are not readily resolvable; but concerning one thing there should be no question, and that is as to the duty of riders to respect the Lord's day.

If they do not do so the Lord will not respect them. If the great hosts of wandering bicyclists disregard all the sacred sanctions of religion they will find to their cost some day that the Almighty will, in the language of the Psalmist, "make them like a wheel," unquiet, unsettled, giddy, dissatisfied, and "as the stubble before the wind."—*Presbyterian Banner*.

"Harry Gordon, Private, Co. X, 7th Regiment California Volunteers."

It was growing toward evening of a quiet, peaceful day in the Gordon home. The cool sea breeze gently tossed the boughs of the graceful pepper trees that, later in the summer, kept their little home so cool and pleasant. Just now the only members of the family in sight were Fritz and baby Nellie, who were having a gay romp on the pleasant piazza, running around three sides of the house. Sister Marjorie was busy with housework, while Mother had run over to a neighbor's.

But the peaceful course of the evening was sharply broken into. Boom! Listen! A sickening dread forced itself upon Marjorie's heart as she heard from the city a half mile distant the boom of the cannon. It was the signal for the militia to assemble. Her own older brother, Hal, had volunteered with many others of the militia boys into the U. S. service, to do any duty required for the Cuban cause or the defence of their country. Was this a call? Marjorie listened for, yet dreaded to hear, another shot. Boom! There it was!

A moment later her father entered. The habitually calm, quiet man had an excited light in his eye and, inquiring hastily for Mrs. Gordon, said, "The boys are to go to the Philippines." It was just after Dewey's victory, and this rumor of our troops being sent to Manila had spread rapidly.

Marjorie rushed for her mother and later took the carriage to Hal's place of work to bring him home for supper. Hal endeavored to be cheerful, telling them there was no great need of haste. But it was not a very joyous meal. The news seemed so sudden and a long separation so certain. Baby Nellie's spirits alone were good. She was delighted with the pretty shiny buttons on her handsome soldier brother's new uniform.

Hal was taken down to the armory and later Mrs. Gordon suggested that

Marjorie should go to the farewell banquet for Company X. The cool night wind seemed bitterly cold, almost making her teeth chatter, as she and Fritz drove down.

Marjorie thought she could have kept the tears back, there in the banquet hall, as the patriotic songs and toasts and the other farewell exercises of the evening progressed; had not another girl with two brothers in the company been near her, but it was too much for them both. Yet even in her sorrow how proud Marjorie was when her brother—though almost the whole company were still seated at the tables, listening to the toasts—offered *his* chair to one of the many tired ladies near by.

At last the painful exercises were about over. The people tried to sing in closing, "God Be With You Till We Meet Again," but it came hard.

Hal and the other boys of company X were allowed to return home for the night, but to report the next morning at the Armory. Many a mother was sleepless that night.

The next day was one of weary waiting—waiting for word from headquarters. But ere it came most of the volunteers took the physical examination. Several were thrown out but Hal Gordon was not one. How Mrs. Gordon wished as she saw the company in line for roll call, their guns "at right shoulder," that "Harry Gordon" would not be sung out among the other names! Her mind went back to those other soldiers in that other war,—her two captain brothers. But her son's manly "Here" as he dropped his gun with soldierly precision recalled her thoughts. She knew her son had the true soldier in him—was not doing this for fun. She was proud of him.

But, Oh, it did relieve Mrs. Gordon's heart when the next morning the official word came that only eighty-four of the company were wanted and when a little later she heard that Hal was not to go! From slight physical disqualifications, his case had been doubtful and now that fewer were needed he was one of the rejected. He had offered himself—she could be proud of that, but he was not accepted and she thanked God from the depths of a mother's heart.

Next morning the company departed. Though they had friends in the company and other friends who needed their sympathy, the Gordon circle was unbroken.

Nellie had been a little neglected the last three days, but Her baby Majesty was appeased when big brother Hal and she had the jolliest game of romps they had had in a long while. But Baby had a thought, and after resting from the fun she said, impressively yet in an approving way, "Bruzzer Hallie was berry good."

"Why, sweetheart?" asked Hal as he gave her another toss in the air.

"Cause you killed all e baddy Spaniards real quick, and comed back to play wif baby some more!"

Lawrence Vandevere.

Family Circle.

THE WEB OF LIFE.

[For THE OCCIDENT.]

[These stanzas were composed by a Sunday school teacher for his class. Your correspondent has permission to send them to the OCCIDENT for publication. May they be as interesting and profitable to the readers of this paper as they proved to be to the members of the class for whom written. T. A. R.]

We weave the web of life in dark and gold;
Day after day the pattern is unrolled;
Sometimes the dreary woof is stained with tears;

Sometimes 'tis sadly tangled with our fears.
Sometimes the task seems greater than our skill;

Tho' here we seek to know the Master's will;
Confused and faint, by many conflicts pressed,
'Mid earthly toil, we sigh for heavenly rest.

But all the threads we weave are not of gloom;
A heavenly sunbeam glorifies the loom;
The heavenly Master stands before our wondering sight,
And lo! the erring shuttle plies aright.

And may it not be true that by-and-by,
When all our work comes 'neath the Master's eye,
Even the portions wrought in dark dismay
Will shine resplendent in that perfect day?

THE MARGIN OF SAFETY.

Not long ago a fast express was speeding over the track near the bank of the Hudson, when the bank and supporting wall suddenly gave way and the greater part of the train went plunging into the river below. Wreck and ruin, suffering and death, were the results.

Although the railroad has the reputation of being one of the best-built, best-managed in the country, and the company had doubtless undertaken to provide a secure roadbed, it was evident that "the margin of safety" had not been sufficiently wide.

While the wisdom of making the margin of safety wide in the roadbed of a railroad is quite generally recognized, many fail to see that it is the highest wisdom to make the margin of safety even wider when the interests at stake are not only physical and material, but moral and spiritual.

How often people are sadly bewildered or coldly critical because young men and young women, reared in Christian homes, are found on the highway to wreck and ruin; or because Christians once in good and regular standing in the church and active in many of its interests are, a few years later, found in the haunts of sin and vice.

Cannot the explanation frequently be found in the fact that they were too sure

of their seemingly secure roadbed, too sure that the walls and embankments provided by their home and environments were all-sufficient? They apparently did not make, they certainly did not keep, the margin of safety wide enough.

It is not enough to have a good home, Christian parents, church membership, helpful though they are; the young people who think they are so well protected by these things that they may safely read a little impure literature, spend an occasional Sunday in idling, or taking a pleasure trip by wheel, carriage, or train, tarrying with companions of questionable character, and entering places of amusement whose tendency is mostly hurtful, are making the great mistake of narrowing their margin of safety. There comes a time, inevitably, when the protective influences of the home and the church are swept away, and the downward course, by way of indifference, neglect and distaste for the pure, the true, and the good, leads to moral and spiritual wreck.

Fortunate, indeed, are the young people who are surrounded by the influences of a good home, Christian parents, and a helpful church life. If to these be added such a margin of safety as is found in the wealth of good literature within the reach of nearly every one, in the reverent observance of Sunday, with its many opportunities to help and be helped, in companionships that bless and inspire, in amusements that refresh and strengthen, the great probability is that they will develop such a nobility of character as will be a precious possession to themselves and will give the world less reason for wondering why well-cared-for, well-trained young people so frequently go astray.—*Forward.*

A Queen's Visit.

To be old and poor and bedridden is generally to be debarred from the greater privileges of life, but there was one old man in Scotland who found his disadvantages had procured him a privilege that the strong and more active members of his family were seeking in vain.

It was an occasion when Queen Victoria was at Balmoral, and, as she often did, she went one day, unaccompanied, to visit the cottages. In one of these she found an old man, bedridden and quite alone, and she sat down to talk to him.

"And how is it that you are alone?"

she asked. "Have you no one to keep you company?"

"No," replied the old man, innocently, "my folks be all away seeing the Queen; they thought they might get a glimpse of her."

His visitor made no reply, but she sat down with the old man, pleasantly filling the gap made by the absence of "his folks," and then found time to read to him from the Bible she herself treasured. On leaving she gave further proof of her sympathy in the shape of a five-poun note, accompanying it with the words: "When your people come back tell them that while they have been to see the queen, the queen has been to see you."—*Ex.*

What Stamps The Gentleman.

"In all questions of manners a young man should always remember that while politeness is a good trait to acquire, courtesy is infinitely better," writes Edward Bok on "What Makes a Gentleman" in the July *Ladies' Home Journal*. "Politeness is manners, but courtesy is heart. Mingling in good society can give us that veneer which the world calls a polish of manners, and true politeness is not to be made little of, nor scoffed at. Politeness is a fine art, but is an art pure and simple, even at its best. Infinitely better is the cultivation of that courtesy of refinement which enters into the feelings of others and holds them sacred. What we want our young men to have is courtesy of manner not regulated by social code or professional censor. It is idle to say that courtesy is a relic of old-fashioned days and is no longer looked for. It is as much the current coin of good society as it ever was. More than any other element or grace in our lives, it is instantly felt and recognized, and has an un-failing influence. It calls for respect as nothing else does. Courtesy of manner and courtesy of speech are the gifts a young man should cultivate."

Be with God in thy outward works, refer them to Him, seek to do them in Him and for Him, and He will be with thee in them, and they shall not hinder, but rather invite His presence in thy soul. Seek to see Him in all things, and in all things He will come nigh to thee.—*E. B. Pusey.*

"I have had a great deal of trouble in my life," said a prematurely old man to his boys, as he was dying, "but most of it never happened."

"Too far East is West."—*English.*

Our Little Men and Women

THE THREE LITTLE DOGS.

Three little dogs were talking

As they trotted along the road;

And the subject of speech,

With all and with each,

Was what bad folks were abroad.

Said the first: "You would hardly believe it,

But I can assure you it's true,

A man with a pail

Threw suds on my tail!

Now I think that's cruel, don't you?"

Said the second: "That's very atrocious;

But a worse thing happened to me;

A boy with a stone

Almost broke my backbone!

Now what think you of that?" said he.

Said the third, "My fate was the hardest,

And I can prove it just now:

A man knocked me flat

When I looked at a cat!

Wasn't that too bad? Bow-wow."

But the three little dogs did not mention,

The first that he'd stolen some sprats;

The next, that he ran

At a poor blind man;

And the third, that he'd hunted the cat.

Thus, these three little dogs were talking,

And many small folk do the same;

They tell of a story

That redounds to their glory,

But forget where they well deserve blame.

—Union Signal.

TWO LITTLE MICE.

BY JOHN A. CAMPBELL.

Tip and Tap were two little mice. They had tiny sharp ears, bright black eyes, and handsome gray coats, always clean and neat. But you never would have imagined that they belonged to a wealthy family; for to reach their home, a funny little cavity under the pantry wall, they had to scramble through the raggedest kind of a dingy black hole; and I am sure that very few rich men ever do *that*! And these same mice were considered by their friends very well to do; and as long as Tip and Tap were aware of *this*, I suppose they would have cared not at all for what you and I thought about them. Never in all their lives, until now, had these two little mice found themselves in any serious trouble. Disobedience was the cause of their woe.

One evening, at a very late hour indeed, when the "human folks"—as the mice called them—had all gone to bed, their father and mother went out for a stroll, and Tip and Tap wondered what they could do to amuse themselves. By and by they concluded they, too, would like to see a little of the great outside world; so off they pattered, and soon were chasing each other across the smooth kitchen floor. How they did

slip and slide about! It was long past midnight, and so dark was the room save where the moonlight shone softly in at the windows, that it was a marvel Tip and Tap could see at all. But they could, nevertheless. They climbed upon the table and played tag upon the red cloth; the legs of the chairs furnished excellent places for bopeep and hide-and-seek (of course, *they* never played puss-in-the corner); and when the little merry-makers were weary of romping about, the soft folds of the rug in the doorway made a snug resting-place.

From this nook they could see into the dining-room, with its great buffet and long table, its china and flowers; and presently they made an excursion into one of the closets, whose door had been left slightly ajar. Before he could recover his balance, Tip slipped and tumbled into the knife box with a loud noise.

"Do be quiet!" warned his brother, helping him to scramble out. "Are you hurt?"

"No," said Tip ruefully. "What are those things in the box that made such a clatter?"

"They are knives," said Tap, who had had more experience. "The human folks use them when they take dinner. They saw their bread with them. We never use such things. Mice are ten times more sensible, anyhow."

"We'll have to look out," said little Tip, when they returned to the kitchen.

"What for?" said Tap.

"I heard mother tell about a dreadful animal out here that they call Cat. He is bigger than a lot of us put together, and he has green eyes, and his jaws have sharp needles all around them."

"Pooh!" said Tap. "He runs away sometimes from the human folks, and I'm not even afraid of that big giant that cooks dinner in the kitchen!" But he looked cautiously before he said this.

"And" went on his brother, "father always tells us to look out for the steel house on the window-sill, that has cheese hanging in it."

"I'm not afraid."

"But you'd better be careful."

Tap glanced warily around once more.

"There's that house," he presently said, pointing to the window-sill, where the moonlight fell upon a strange creation of wood and steel bars; "and I am going up to see for myself!"

"Oh, don't!" cried little Tip. "Please don't!"

But Tap would not listen. At last he

managed to clamber upon the window-sill.

"It's lovely up here," he called. "I can see the gravel path, and all the grass, and the summer-house where my cousins live. And this house is just too pretty for anything. I'm going to have a bite of that cheese, too. It's just inside the door."

Silence for a moment. Then came a sharp click and a terrified squeal.

"Oh, Tip!" cried Tap. "I am caught in the house! The door is shut and I can't get out! Run for father and mother!"

Tip who had just begun to wish he had a piece of the cheese, was off like a flash. To and fro he raced until he found his parents, and then he led them up the window-bench to the steel house.

"Can you get me out?" pleaded Tap from behind the strong bars, while Tip and his mother ran frantically about.

"No, my son, I can't," replied the father. "That is a trap. You'll have to squeeze out, or else they'll catch you in the morning." And he, too, ran helplessly back and forth.

Following this advice, Tap pushed with might and main.

"Oh, do hurry!" sobbed his mother. "I met my sister in the parlor, and she told me Cat was sleeping on the chair in the hall. If he comes we'll all be lost!"

Tap pushed all the harder for this. Finally he reached the spot where the bars permitted him to make his escape, his smooth coat being sadly damaged in the effort.

"Run!" cried the mother. "I hear Cat coming."

And how they scampered away, to be sure! All but Tap contrived to clamber through the hole before the enemy arrived, but he had the tip of his long tail taken off.

"Oh, dear!" wailed the poor mother.

"It doesn't hurt," said Tap, cheerfully, glad to have gotten away at any cost. "After this I can jump through the hole all the quicker, you see!"

I know that this adventure entirely cured the little mice of curiosity and disobedience.—*Christian Intelligencer*.

Receptions at the White House.

There is, perhaps, no time or place in which there is such urgent need of quickness of wit and kindly tact as at the public receptions given by the President of the United State and his wife. When a queen receives her subjects, the etiquette is fixed and inexorable. No one speaks unless addressed by royalty. But Americans of all classes

crowd into the Blue Room, many with a question or a joke which they have prepared to fire at their unprepared ruler, and they judge by the fitness of his reply whether he is competent to hold his office or not.

Many of them, too, through sheer embarrassment make foolish remarks, the memory of which probably causes them misery afterwards.

One frightened lady assured Mrs. Cleveland: "It is a mutual pleasure to meet you," correcting her mistake by calling out, as she passed down the line, "I meant to say the pleasure is all on your side."

A group of students, out from college on a holiday, were presented to the same lady just after her entrance to the White House for the second time. One lad, a Freshman, pale with diffidence, heard himself to his horror saying, in a loud, squeaky tone of authority:

"Madam, I think you have just cause to be proud of your husband."

The other boys stared with amazement and delight, storing up the "joke on Bill" for all future time. But there was not the flicker of a smile upon the sweet, womanly face of the first lady of the land.

"Ah!" she said, gravely, still holding his hand, "you bring me the verdict of posterity! I thank you."

The Freshman's comrades were delighted at the reply and at the opportunity given to chaff Bill upon the awkwardness of his address, but Bill only knew that he had seen what seemed to him the kindest woman in the world.—*Youth's Companion.*

The Story of Quicksilver Bob.

At the time our war for independence was going on there was a queer little boy growing up in Lancaster, Pa. He was always trying to make things. When quite small he learned to draw and make pictures. The pictures he sold to the gunsmiths to paint on their guns. They made the guns sell well, for everybody likes pictures.

There were a number of gunshops in Lancaster, and this boy, whose name, by the way, was Robert, visited them very often. He was always asking questions and finding out how things were made. Indeed, he had so many ideas in his head that he sometimes neglected his lessons. One morning he was late at school, and when the teacher asked him the cause of his tardiness, he showed him a lead pencil.

"I stopped at the shop to make it," he said. "It is the best one I ever used."

It proved so, indeed, and soon the other pupils had Robert making lead pencils for them all.

In some of his work Robert wanted some quicksilver to use, and so he went to his friends, the gunsmiths, to get it, but he would not tell what he wanted to do with it. The gunsmiths used to call him "Quicksilver Bob" after this.

In those days they used to celebrate the Fourth of July by lighting candles and setting them in the windows at night. One year, however, tallow was scarce, and the town folks decided they could not afford to light up their windows on the Fourth. Quicksilver Bob went to work and made something which was like our modern skyrockets.

Some of the older folks asked him what he was making.

"Well," answered Bob, "you won't let us burn our candles on Independence Day, so I am going to send mine into the sky."

One day Bob and another boy went fishing with a man in a flat boat. The man made the two boys do all the rowing and pushing, and it was hard work for them.

"There is an easier way to propel a boat than by poling," said Bob to his companion, as they walked home at night; "I know there is, and I will find it out."

The next day he whittled out the model of a tiny paddle wheel. Then he made a larger paddle-wheel and set it up in the fishing boat. The wheel was turned with a crank, and the boys found it much easier than rowing.

When Quicksilver Bob was seventeen years old he went to Philadelphia and became a miniature painter. But he was always mingling mechanical pursuits with artistic ones. His whole life was spent in making curious and useful mechanical appliances. He went to England after a while, and became a civil engineer. During his residence abroad he devised an improved mill for sawing marble, for which he received a vote of thanks and an honorary medal from the British Society for the Promotion of Arts and Commerce. He also patented machines for spinning flax and for making ropes, and invented an excavator for scooping out the channels of canals and aqueducts.

But although so busy, Quicksilver Bob had not forgotten the idea of a paddle-wheel by which a boat could be propelled. He had made himself familiar with the principles of the steam engine, and thought, by applying this power to a boat, a great improvement might be made in navigation. Other men had tried it and failed, but Quicksilver Bob was not going to fail.

He had made the acquaintance of Robert R. Livingstone, United States Minister to France, who was interested in steam navigation, and who promised to provide funds for the experiment and to contract for the introduction of the new method, if successful, into the United States. The inventor accordingly returned to America, in 1806, and at once set to work constructing a working model of his intended boat. At the same time he began building a vessel of large size, which he named the "Clermont," after the country seat of his patron, Livingstone.

All sorts of difficulties were placed in his way. Nobody believed that his boat would go, and all sorts of disasters were predicted. But they did not know the power of steam, and Quicksilver Bob did. He was not mistaken. The "Clermont" was launched one fine day, and made its trip from New York to Albany at the rate of five miles an hour. It seemed a wonderful thing, and indeed it was, for it completely did away with the old order of things. In a few years there were steamboats on all the large rivers, then on the great lakes, and after a while they crossed the ocean.

And now you know that Quicksilver Bob was Robert Fulton; and I hope you will not forget that the "Clermont" was the first steamboat ever built, and that it made its first voyage in 1807.—*Sabbath School Visitor.*

True Bravery.

In the heat of passion Robert had done something that he was ashamed of and sorry for after the excitement had passed away.

"I wish I hadn't let my temper get away with my good sense," he said; "but it's done, and what's done can't be undone."

"But isn't there a way to overcome the effect of wrong doing to a great extent?" asked a voice in his heart.

"How?" asked Robert.

"By owning to one's blame in the matter," answered the voice. "Confessing one's fault does much to set wrong right. Try it."

Now Robert was very much like all the rest of us—he hated to admit that he was in fault. "I'm wrong—forgive me," is a hard thing to say. But the more he thought the matter over, the more he felt he ought to say just that.

"It's the right thing to do," he said to himself. "If I know what's right and don't do it I'm a moral coward. I'll do it."

So he went to the one he had wronged and confessed his fault frankly, and the result was that the two boys were better friends than before, and his comrade had a greater respect for him because he had been brave enough to do a disagreeable thing when it was presented to him in the light of duty.

My boys, remember that there's quite as much bravery in doing right for right's sake as there is in the performance of grand and heroic deeds that the world will hear about.—*New York Observer.*

The Occidental Board OF FOREIGN MISSIONS, 920 SACRAMENTO ST., SAN FRANCISCO

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Public meeting first Monday in each month, sessions at 10 a. m. and 2 p. m. All are invited.

Executive Committee on each third Monday. A prayer meeting precedes each meeting.

Reports from officers at our mid-summer Executive Board meeting were decidedly encouraging in tone. Mrs. Condit, presbyterial secretary, reported that letters from presbyterial officers gave accounts of broader plans for work for the coming year, with greater earnestness and zeal along all lines.

Mrs. Morris, special object secretary, says, "Never before have blanks been filled out and returned to me so promptly, in fact, some were inclined to be impatient because their lists did not reach them sooner." Miss Garrette is carefully comparing contributions of last year with those of this year of each of her Young People's societies and sending out a word of warning to officers, not to allow one step backward. Mrs. Horsburgh reported numerous calls from auxiliary officers for copies of missionary letters, which she is so glad to furnish from her large and interesting correspondence.

"And a Little Child Shall Lead Them."

In the mission work one often sees the effect of words sung or spoken, that seem at the time for no special purpose. A number of months ago in preparation for the annual meeting I taught a number of little children a song beginning:

"I am a little soldier
And only five years old,
I want to fight for Jesus
And wear a crown of gold."

The children learned it readily and one little child in particular, Ah Seen. It delighted her mother's heart very much. Her mother, a heathen woman, seemed more inclined to the Gospel than the majority, and we hoped so much this would bring her nearer to us.

Two weeks after the annual meeting Ah Seen sickened and died. The mother was disconsolate for a time, but having occasion to visit her a short time ago. at

my coming her face lighted up, and she said, "Don't you think she is now a little soldier, really, a soldier with Jesus?" Nothing could be more like simple faith. Pray for her that she may look forward toward joining her child.

In another family the death of a bright baby boy, ten months old, occurred from convulsions. The parents were quite submissive though sorrowing greatly, and received gratefully what words of comfort I could give them; and when I assured them I believed the little innocent soul was with Jesus, they seemed so thankful and hopeful, too, that they could join the little one by and by.

The field is ready for the sower. May the seeds sown in His Love bring forth much fruit.—Mrs. Vrooman [Evangelistic Worker in San Francisco among Chinese women and children].

From a recent address in the First church, San Francisco, by Rev. W. S. Bannerman, one of the missionaries of our church in Africa, regarding the people among whom he labors, the following notes have been sent us:

The people are not negroes; they are called Fams, and are cannibals and bigamists. You hail a canoe, hugging the shore of the river, and enter into conversation with its occupants. They say, "O no, we not cannibals, the people over there cannibals." Hail another canoe on the opposite side, and they say, "We are not cannibals; over there, cannibals." He was asked how many muskets he paid for his wife. He told them in his country they did not have to buy their wives. They would like to go to that country.

When told God gave His Son to die for them, they say: No, we've lived generations. Nobody came to tell us. We go with our people. They believe in a supreme being, a place of punishment, but that death is unnatural. When one dies he is bewitched and his spirit comes back to torment some one else.

Homer wrote of just such people, picturing them with cross-bow and spear. It was thought to be a myth. Behold the reality!

When converted they want to do as Christians do, put on more clothes, raise their beds from the ground, make stools to sit on, and in other ways show a change from savagery.

Mr. Bannerman is very hopeful, and if he, with his pleasing address, true missionary and self-sacrificing spirit cannot reach those people, no one else can. A friend wrote him: Had he not made a mistake? Was he not sacrificing his talent and life with no results? He thought perhaps he was; the tempter was there, but was soon banished; and he will go on in his good work.

Woman's North Pacific PRESBYTERIAN BOARD OF MISSIONS

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MEETINGS.—At the First Presbyterian Church, corner Twelfth and Alder streets—monthly, third Tuesday of each month at 2:00 P. M. Invitation extended to all; Executive Committee, first Tuesday of each month at 10 A. M. Missionaries are especially welcome at all meetings; those en route via Portland are urged to notify the Board by addressing Mrs. Laura Preston Campbell, 480 Hall St.

Chinese Women's and Girls' Home, 350 Fourteenth St. Visitors always welcome.

* All communications intended for this column should be sent to Mrs. E. W. Allen, 469 6th street, Portland, Oregon.

One of the missionaries, while in this country on her furlough, from the station next to Jagraon, India, wrote as follows concerning our medical missionary there.

"We have a very high regard for little Dr. Allen. She is one that wins all hearts wherever she goes. She was little changed in appearance, up to the time when I left India, except that she was much thinner and paler. . . . This must have been a pretty lonely winter for Dr. Allen, with Miss Wherry away, for the best native or Eurasian women are no companions for an American girl. But really, after all, it is simply wonderful how the dear Lord recompenses anyone a thousand fold who is called to fill such a difficult post, and I doubt not the dear little Doctor has had many rich experiences. We have often, often, thought of her this winter while we have been enjoying the privileges and opportunities here at home, and I have spoken of what that brave young girl is doing for the Lord, in more than one meeting."

Miss Wherry is expected to return to Jagraon this fall and it seems, to our Executive Committee, that a happy surprise in the shape of a box from the women of her Board will help the "dear little Doctor" to forget the heavy burdens and loneliness of the past year. This can be sent at the same time that the young people are sending to Mrs. Andrews (about the first of October) much more reasonably than at any other time. Besides the articles sent for her personal use, to express loving appreciation to her, a box would doubtless contain much which would help her in her work. The following notes may be suggestive to those who wish to know what would be helpful.

At her dispensary she often has be-

tween twenty and thirty patients a day, and others come to hear the singing or to accompany those who are ill, so there is quite a little audience to whom the Gospel message is spoken. The large Bible Picture Rolls which have been used in Sunday school—especially those which illustrate the New Testament lessons—would be most helpful in making the talks more attractive and impressive. Leaves from these rolls could also be used on the walls of the dispensary and hospital and given to the native Christians to use on their plain mud walls.

The small Sunday school picture cards could be given away, and would be prized by those who have had exceeding few of things artistic, and would keep in mind the truths which had been spoken in connection with them; and frequently they would fall into the hands of men or boys who can read English, to whom the words, as well as the pictures, would speak. In fact other pretty cards could be given away as tokens of remembrance.

Dr. Allen's Eurasian assistant has a little day school for girls and teaches a number of women in their homes. She too could make use of similar helps, as could also the other Christians.

Each Christmas, since Dr. Allen has been in Jagraon, she has given Christmas gifts to all the native Christians there. Their number is slowly increasing (another baptism was mentioned in the last letter) and if some of the gifts for them came from America they would surely be appreciated. They might consist of sewing bags, Bible picture books, etc.

The late Rev. M. M. Carleton, who labored in India for forty-three years, mentioned, some time since, in *Woman's Work for Woman*, the fact that little woolen shirts, in the hands of the lady doctors, could be used to save many lives which medicine alone could not, and to gain influence over the mothers also. He mentioned Jagraon as one of the three stations where they could be used to the greatest advantage. He also said:

"We who have worked in the villages well know how precarious is the life of the low caste people. During the months of December to February the cold northwest wind blows over the Punjab, and mortality among young children, clothed in a few cotton rags, is very great. I do wish every missionary lady who works in the villages had a lot of these little garments to give out to destitute babies. A mother's

joy and gratitude is called out more by giving a warm garment to her suffering babe than in any other way."

Home Missions.

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For all H. M. Literature apply to Mrs. F. S. Page, 120 11th St., Oakland.

Articles designed for this column should be sent to Miss Clara Pierce, San Anselmo.
Articles for publication should be plainly written, name especially so, on one side of the sheet, and should reach the office at least ten days prior to date of issue. News items should be received not later than Monday morning.

Report of Quarterly Meeting.

(Continued from last week.)

Mr. Edward Marsden's message to us concerned the conversion of his people. We are all more or less familiar with the wonderful story of what Mr. Duncan has accomplished in one generation for this once degraded people. The Metlakahtla community is now prosperous and self-supporting, carrying on all the arts of civilization, having villages with well paved streets, beautiful homes and a church that is their pride and the surprise and delight of all who see it. But into the midst of this prosperity comes sorrow and dismay. The little island, only a few miles in extent, which they have learned to call home and upon which they look forward to still further growth and development, where liquor and its attendant evils have never been known—this little island home is threatened by the greed of mercenary white men. Every effort has been made and will be made to hold in law that which is theirs by every moral right. Pray that the missionary work so auspiciously advanced here may not be ruthlessly destroyed and evils untold take its place.

Mrs. J. P. Prutzman, Rec. Sec.

The Little Mountain Girl.

A Story for the Juniors and Sunday School Children.

It was a spring day—not one of the stormy kind when the little branches are like rivers and the roads almost impassible—but a warm spring day when the buds seem to open all at once, when the first trees are aglow with blossoms, when the maples look red in the distance, when the catkins adorn the willows, and the fresh green leaves begin to peep from the forest trees. The mountains of East Tennessee are exquisitely lovely in the spring.

Along a secluded mountain path

trudged a little girl. She did not notice the beauty about her. The little face almost hidden by the "splint sun-bonnet" looked careworn and old. In her hand she had a letter—she was thinking of its contents and also of the drudgery that awaited her, and of the loneliness that oppressed her, and she longed—how she longed!—for "a chance" to be something, to do something in the world. But she could not express the longing, she was too ignorant for that, poor child!

Two years before her sister, older than she, had gone to a missionary boarding school in an adjoining state. There she was learning rapidly in more ways than one. There she was fast growing into lovely maidenhood, and, if spared until grown, would become a useful woman well prepared for life's work.

And now this little orphan girl wanted to join her sister at school, wanted to grow into a useful, helpful woman too, wanted to be what the dear Lord intended her to be. The letter she held was from her sister begging her to come.

And did she get her desire? you ask, little readers. Yes, there was a little Mission Band to whom God gave loving hearts and willing hands. This little band heard of Nina, the little mountain girl, and with right good will they set to work. They made and saved many a penny, nickel and dime. The older people grew interested and some dollars were found also, and one happy day little Nina joined her sister at school. A scholarship was paid for by the children's money and Nina could "have a chance."

It is a bright, beautiful place to which Nina has gone. There are loving teachers to show her the way to Jesus and to feed her starving soul with truth. There is the day school to feed her intellect, and abundance of wholesome work for her little hands to perform; and there are merry girls for company. The older sister is much exercised for fear Nina may do wrong and watches over her with loving, anxious care.

Shall we not all pray that little Nina may grow into the beautiful Christian woman the Lord desires her to be? And shall we not also pray that many other children from the Mountains of the South may be gathered in their spring-time into wholesome, helpful, beautiful places, where they can grow into good men and women?—Lalla.

"Let not your tongue cut your throat."
—Arabic.

Occident Sunday School.

PROF. THOMAS F. DAY, D. D.

LESSON VI. August 7, 1898.

Elijah's Spirit on Elisha.—2 Kings 2:6-15.

Golden Text: How much more shall your heavenly Father give the Holy Spirit to them that ask him.—Luke 11:13.

I. INTRODUCTION.

1. Time: 853-850 B. C.

Exact date uncertain. According to 2 Kings 3:11 Elijah seems to have died before Jehoshaphat, but 2 Chron. 21:12 would indicate that he was living in the reign of Jehoram (of Judah). If Jehoram was co-regent with his father (2 Kings 8:16) the difficulty is removed.

2. Ahab and his Sons.

Although the house of Ahab was doomed, judgment lingered. Ahab lived three years or more after the affair of Naboth's vineyard. He was at peace with Benhadad II. (Hadadezer), from whom he had secured important concessions (1 Kings 20:34) and with whom he co-operated, along with other Western kings, in resisting the advance of Assyria. The battle of Karkar (854) resulted in the defeat of the allies. A year later he renewed hostilities with Syria, inviting Jehoshaphat, who was visiting him, to assist in the recovery of Ramoth-Gilead. Ahab fell in battle, and when they washed his chariot at the pool of Samaria the dogs licked his blood as Elijah had predicted. Ahaziah his son succeeded him and reigned two years (853-852). He fell from the balcony of his summer house and died from the injury received. Joram (852-842), another son of Ahab, succeeded his brother and was the last of the house of Omri.

3. Last Years of Elijah.

After pronouncing the curse against the royal house, Elijah disappeared as mysteriously as he came. Of his subsequent labors little is known. But Jehovah's word by him was working toward its fulfilment. Ahab was dead; Ahaziah was mortally wounded and fretting on his couch at Jezreel. Messengers sent by him were on their way to Ekron to enquire of Baal-Zebub. Elijah saw them from his watch-tower on Carmel, dashed into their midst, bade them go back and tell the king that he would die, and vanished from sight. Two bands of fifty sent to capture him were consumed by fire. A third band was sent, but the captain surrendered to the prophet with a prayer for mercy. Elijah went and delivered in person

Jehovah's message to the king, whose death soon followed. According to 2 Chron. 21:12-15, the aged prophet did now an unwonted thing. He wrote a letter to Jehoram of Judah, a scathing letter, censuring his apostasy and predicting speedy and awful punishment. This was the last recorded act of his life prior to the events narrated in the lesson.

4. Elijah and Elisha.

The prophet of the desert chose a man of the fields for his successor. Elisha was a farmer of Abel-meholah in the Jordan valley. His response to the call of Elijah was immediate and whole-hearted. He relinquished wealth and family ties and became Elijah's constant attendant. The two men were radically different. Elijah may have had doubts respecting Elisha's fitness for the great work to which he was called. The time for the disciple's testing had now come. Elijah had a premonition of his approaching end. Accompanied by Elisha he visited the various prophetic guilds to give them his parting counsel, beginning at *Gilgal* (the modern Jiljilia) in the hill country of Ephraim and ending at *Jericho*. As they proceeded on their journey the aged prophet sought to shake off his young attendant, but Elisha with a double oath refused to leave him.

II. EXPLANATORY NOTES.

6. *Tarry here:* possibly a sign that Elijah wished to be alone, but more probably a test of Elisha's faithfulness.

7. *Sons of the prophets:* that so many prophets could congregate openly and undisturbed in those dark times is evidence that the work of Elijah had not been in vain.

8. *Wrapped:* rolled it, as if to make it into a staff.

9. *Had gone over:* The point where they crossed was near the borderland of Gilead whither, as some think, Elijah was guided by the instinct which leads the aged to wish to die in the home of their youth. Another view, more probable, is that he turned to the wild region of Nebo because it was the scene of Moses' death. "He, who in his helplessness had already fled for new inspiration to Horeb, could not fail to wonder whether God was to lay him to rest beside his forerunner on Nebo."—G. A. Smith. *Double portion:* not twice as much as Elijah himself had, but the portion falling to the first born.

10. *Thou hast asked a hard thing:* because it was not in Elijah's power to bestow. Perhaps Elisha was not prepared to receive it. *If thou seest me taken from thee:* so it reads in the original. The

promise was conditional and made doubtless under a divine prompting.

11. *Chariots of fire and horses of fire:* some regard these words as descriptive of a convoy of angels sent to attend the prophet on his journey to heaven; others, of the lightning flashes that accompanied the storm blast (*whirlwind*) by which the prophet was borne upward.

My father, . . . the chariots of Israel: the first title emphasized Elijah's personal relation to Elisha; he had been his spiritual father. The second expressed Elisha's estimate of his master's value to the nation.

13. *Mantle of Elijah:* this was the badge of discipleship when Elisha was called, now it is the pledge of Jehovah's presence in the wider work to which he is summoned.

14. The question should read, "Where is Jehovah, the God of Elijah, even He?" (see R. V. margin).

III. LESSON POINTS.

1. *Focal Truth (1).* The passing of God's saints is full of glory. Every believer's death is in reality what Elijah's translation was—a glorious transition from toils, privations and sorrows of earth, to rest, freedom and joy supernal.

Focal Truth (2). God's work thrives best by change and variety of workmen. Elijah wrought and passed on; Elisha entered into his master's labors, and did the will of Jehovah in a different way. New conditions demand new measures. Elisha did no mighty works until after Elijah's departure.

2. Who can estimate the worth of a great religious teacher? His mantle, symbol of his spirit and teaching, falls on the receptive disciple and exerts salutary influence on human character from age to age. The sons of the prophets recognized the spirit that rested on Elisha as the spirit of Elijah. But when that spirit came to rest on Elisha's disciples, other sons of the prophets, not knowing Elijah, would think of it only as the spirit of Elisha.

3. The way to get the best from any true teacher is to tarry with him until we have not only mastered his thought, but imbibed his spirit. Elisha took no "short course;" he "poured water on Elijah's hands" for years before he wore Elijah's mantle. Even so he did not get the best till just before his graduation.

4. "There is something more glorious than translation. The death of a malefactor, the death of the cross, this, in the eyes of saints and angels, is far more glorious."—F. D. Maurice.

San Francisco Theological Seminary.

Christian Endeavor

TOPIC FOR SUNDAY, AUGUST 7.

Lessons from the Life of Elijah.—1 Kings 18:20-39.

THE TIMES.—The mission of Elijah was to reform the national life of Israel and restore the worship of the true God. For nearly three quarters of a century the people had been living in idolatry and wickedness. In the reign of Ahab and his wicked queen, Jezebel, the nation had now reached the climax of ungodliness, and the judgments of God had begun to fall upon it in drought and famine, and sore distress upon man and beast. The times were evil, and though God still had a remnant to serve him, seven thousand who had not bowed the knee to Baal, yet the nation seemed hastening to its ruin.

THE MAN.—Stanley declares him "the grandest and most romantic character that Israel had ever produced," "the loftiest, sternest spirit of the true faith." In appearance and garb he was rough and uncouth; in motion swift and mysterious, appearing unexpectedly when supposed to be far away; and eluding, when he chose, the most careful search. In action he was vigorous, a man of deeds rather than of words. And with a character beyond reproach and a burning zeal for Jehovah he stood as a constant rebuke to all idolatry and sin, and was counted worthy not only of a high place among the prophets, but of fellowship with his Lord in the glory of the Transfiguration mount.

THE PLACE.—The traditional site of the conflict of Elijah with the priests of Baal is the Eastern end of Mt. Carmel, the view from which point is very fine. Westward a glimpse of the Mediterranean sea is caught over the shoulder of the mountain. Eastward the view stretches away to Mt. Tabor and Mt. Gilboa, and commands all the intervening valley. As the people stood with Elijah there, their eyes rested on some of the most memorable scenes of their country's history. Here at their feet was the brook Kishon, the scene of the defeat of Sisera by Barak. There beyond were the mountains of Gilboa and the well of Harod, where Gideon chose his band of three hundred; and nearer at hand the valley of Jezreel where the Midianites melted away before him. Surely it was a scene fitted to awaken holy memories and bring back a wandering people to their God.

THE TEST.—"The God that answereth by fire, let him be God." The ques-

tion What is, can your God do for you? Can he answer prayer? Our God answers by fire; the fire of judgment upon the wicked, like that which destroyed Sodom and Gomorrah; the fire of revelation, like that of the burning bush in which he made himself known to Moses; the fire of his Holy Spirit in human hearts, like that of Pentecost, when cloven tongues, like as of fire, sat on each of the disciples.

"Be of good cheer, my brother," said Latimer to his friend Ridley, as they were led to the stake, "be of good cheer, for we shall this day light such a candle in England as by God's grace shall never be put out." Such a candle is the church of God in all its persecutions and triumphs. In it God has lighted a fire which by its purity and brightness shows its heavenly origin. No human power can produce like results. No philosophy or science can kindle this divine flame. No torch of reason can so light up the darkness of this world, still less that of the world beyond the grave. No fire of Baal's altar can fill the world with such a blaze of glory. It is the fire of God, and as we behold it we bow in lowly adoration and say, "The Lord he is the God; the Lord, he is the God."

"HOW LONG HALT YE?"—If the Lord be God, what then? Shall we go on in worldliness and sin, living as if there were no God? There is no inconsistency so glaring as this, to know God and worship Him not as God; to give to His truth the assent of our minds, yet withhold from Him the love of our hearts and the obedience of our lives. Shall we divide our hearts between Him and the world? No man can serve two masters. The divided heart has no peace. It is torn asunder by conflicting emotions. Scattered energies are wasted, especially when directed to things as opposite as the service of God and that of Baal. Let us say with Paul, "This one thing I do." Let us present our bodies a living sacrifice, holy and acceptable unto God, which is our reasonable service.

"True-hearted, whole-hearted, faithful and loyal,

King of our lives, by thy grace we will be;
Under the standard exalted and royal,
Strong in thy strength we will battle for thee.

"True-hearted, whole-hearted, fullest allegiance

Yielding henceforth to our glorious King;
Valiant endeavor and loving obedience,
Freely and joyously now would we bring.

"True-hearted, whole-hearted, Savior all glorious!

Take Thy great power, and reign there alone,
Over our wills and affections victorious,
Freely surrendered and wholly thine own."

Answers to Correspondents.

REV. THEO. F. BURNHAM, VALLEJO, CAL.,
EDITOR IN CHARGE.

[THE OCCIDENT will try to secure answers in this department to such reasonable questions as may be submitted. Address all communications to the editor in charge as above. To insure an answer, the question must be signed with name and address; but the replies will always be made by the number of the question and no names will be printed. Questions touching religious experience, church work, doctrine, polity and history are solicited as well as interpretation of Scripture passages.]

Ques. No. 153. Is not the doctrine of re-incarnation taught by theosophy a helpful and comforting view, explaining many hard problems?

Ans. It is very comforting no doubt to the hundreds of thousands of child-widows in India, who have lost their husbands, to whom the girls as early as the fifth and sixth year are betrothed, who were thus bereaved because of some sin committed in a former period of existence, the same soul being now re-incarnated. Such a one is stripped of her ornaments, made to wear a coarse garment, her head is shaved, she must live by herself, has no part in any festivities, is kept in a single room and given but one meal a day. There are 75,000 of such widows in India, *under nine years of age alone*, enjoying this comforting doctrine of re-incarnation. Some people are playing with fire by flirting with theosophy. I saw a boy very happy when he stamped upon a pack of firecrackers on July 4th, and he tucked them inside of his shirt. He had found something valuable. But alas! soon they began to explode and his bosom was burned most pitifully. Some people will learn yet to their cost what theosophy means.

Ques. No. 154. What is the difference of meaning in the passage 1 Tim. 2:8 (first clause) as given in the A. V. and R. V.?

Ans. Had St. Paul said as in the A. V., "I will therefore, that men pray everywhere," he would teach that mankind ought to be religious or devout, that the race should seek and find God. But when he puts the definite article before the word men, making it read *the men*, he says, "Don't farm out religion to the gentler sex." *The men need* and ought to seek God. This valuable truth is meant, as a special counsel is given to women in the next verse. The manuscript authority for the article is strong.

"No one knows where the shoe pinches so well as he who wears it."—*Roman*.

MORMON ONENESS.

BY REV. G. W. MARTIN.

A common objection against Protestant Christianity is that there are so many sects and parties among Christians. In Utah this objection is most frequently in the mouths of unbelievers, Romanists and Mormons. With superficial thinkers and stern ecclesiastics it avails little that there is an underlying unity among Christian denominations that is most real and solid; "a unity of essential beliefs and purpose, though not of ceremonial." Hence the following mode of argument at times becomes useful, and is now addressed to thoughtful Latter-day Saints.

The basis for it is an article from the pen of William Gill Mills, published in 1888. Mr. Mills was for many years an able and sincere Latter-day Saint, as appears from many articles, prose and poetry, in old files of the *Millennial Star*.

The last years of his life were spent in the earnest advocacy of Protestant Christianity. He knew whereof he wrote concerning church history.

The Mormon church asserts that the whole Christian world has apostatized from the Gospel of Christ, and as proof points to the fact that Christianity is divided into sects and parties.

Mormons teach that it is necessary in order to come to the unity of the faith, that "we be no more children, tossed to and fro, and carried about with every wind of doctrine, by the sleight of men and cunning craftiness;" and that apostles, prophets, evangelists, pastors and teachers, were designed to be in the church to effect and preserve that unity. They affirm that God has restored these offices through Joseph Smith; that they have them, and so have that unifying and preserving power; and that they are not divided. They are the true church of Christ, they say, as is shown by their oneness in faith and action.

But what does the history of the Mormon church show? Has great oneness marked its development? Which is the true Mormon church? Is it the Brighamite, the Morrisite, the Strangite, the Rigdonite, the Whitmerite, the Hendrickite, or the Josephite? How by their oneness can one tell? For that is their own sign. Is it not a fact that despite all claims to superior oneness Mormonism has made sects rapidly since its organization? A sect for every three years of its existence would be a great record. Now let us see:

After Joseph's death Sidney Rigdon, who had been ordained by Smith as

prophet, seer and revelator, and who was one of the first Presidency, carried numbers away, forming a sect; Lyman Wight led away a company to Texas, forming another sect; Gladden Bishop struck out for himself as a prophet, another sect resulting; James J. Strang and William Smith, each at the head of a sect, had the Mormon afflatus; Father Cutler organized a church, and David Whitmer, who was ordained by Joseph Smith the president of the church, continued another church; Joseph Morris claimed the prophethood from God, and gathered around him men of intelligence, talent and sound morals, claiming to be the true church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints. Another Mormon church exists in California, under the inspiration of one George Dove. Another man called Williams operates separately now in the State of Washington, with a band of converts. Elder J. G. Adams went off with a colony and "gathered" to Palestine. Brigham Young led his followers from Nauvoo to Utah in 1847. And several lesser lights in the church, but equally claiming to receive revelation from God, and to converse with Christ, tried their hands at sect making. It is well known that besides the preceding, Hendrick, Brewster, Emmett, and a host of other elders were in the enjoyment of new and bewildering revelation about who should succeed Joseph Smith. Then among later instances were John Forsgreen, who called himself David and a prophet; and a Jew, for many years honestly a Mormon, who set up shop in the prophet and church line. There was the "Godbe Movement," in 1869, which showed itself daring and heroic, bearding "the Lion of the Lord" in his very den.

And last for our purpose, "young" Joseph Smith, because he is the son of his father, is the head of the Reorganized church, a church strongly antagonistic to the Utah church, and branding it as a sect sadly apostate. Nor are these a puny body of witnesses, claiming as they now do, a membership of 45,000; four hundred and fifty congregations; and mission work all over the world.

Thus we see that between Joseph Smith's death in 1844, and Brigham's death in 1877, that is, within thirty-three years, fifteen well known elders led off believers, each band solemnly claiming to be the true church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints. Learn here that their unity did not unite. And note further, that of the first "Twelve

Apostles" ordained by Joseph Smith and others, six apostatized; and of that quorum, usually kept full, twelve men have apostatized, if Moses Thatcher is an apostate apostle. Several of the first Presidency of the Seventies have apostatized, as well as high priests, bishops, seventies and elders.

Yet the *Semi-weekly Desert News*, January 4th, 1898, speaks of the recent Lambeth conference virtually giving "an official approval of the fractured condition of the Christian world, and a denial of the need of the offices of [Mormon] Apostles, Teachers, etc., for the unification of the church." Where is there a church in a more fractured condition than that of the Latter-day Saints, with its score of sects?

They have neither had the grace nor the power to keep either themselves or others in the unity of the faith. Their claim of being the Church of Christ because of oneness of faith is abortive. And the results show all the Mormon sects to be apostates, according to their own method of reasoning.

The United States in the World's Future.

Three months ago the United States looked out upon a future of political isolation. The fathers had prepared the way for this view of our relation to the world, and history had apparently fixed the view in national tradition. The battle of Manila, on last May-day, made short work of this tradition, and bids fair to revolutionize our place in the world of the future. It brought to a close our period of selfish isolation, and opened to view the enlarged governmental destiny that Providence, in the course of events, seems to be marking out for us as a nation. By bringing us into intimate relations with a part of the globe with which we had not conceived any connection possible, it brought a sudden awakening to conscious obligation to make our voice heard and our power felt in the interests of humanity and religion the world over.

Perhaps our experience with the Turk during the recent years, and with the Concert of Europe in connection with the Armenian butcheries, had prepared us for the awakening; but, however that may be, the awakening has come. The intervention on grounds of humanity in behalf of Cuba reversed our selfish policy and set an object-lesson for the nations. And now the battle of Manila has revolutionized our place in the future of the world.—*The Homiletic Review*.

Varied Themes.

"LET ALL THE PEOPLE SING."*From the Christian Advocate:*

Holy Trinity Church, of Brooklyn, has long been widely known, but of late years, in considerable part from the fact that Dudley Buck, the noted composer, is the organist and choir master of the church. Dr. McConnell, the present pastor, and successor of the popular Dr. Hall, finds that the choir under Mr. Buck's training has become so fine that the congregation instead of being inspired by it are awed, and do not sing. The new rector's opinion is that the only purpose of a choir, however fine, is to lead the congregation in singing. "The Congregationalist" quotes from "The Church News," edited by Dr. McConnell: "The hymns at least belong to the people. If even a small minority of the congregation want to sing hymns, no matter how badly they sing them, neither the rector, the choir, nor the majority of the congregation has anything to say about it. The church by her law has given this right to the people, and it cannot be taken away either by direct or indirect means. * * * The people should sing the hymns, and the choir should give them tunes which are singable."

This is the language of sound wisdom and discrimination. Listening to singing so artistic that one hesitates to join in it, does not contribute to worship, unless from the nature of the case it is a piece which should be performed vicariously. Even an inferior choir can make it impossible for the people to sing, by arbitrarily varying the time, by uncertainty as to the beginning and ending of lines, by a volume so loud that the people cannot hear themselves or their immediate neighbors, or so low that, appalled by the sound of their own voices, they cease, or by interludes so long that the spirit of the hymn is lost and the people are occupied by the consciousness of physical weariness.

In St. Patrick's Cathedral, Dublin, we heard the most splendid solo, quartet, and choral music, but when the hymns were sung the whole vast congregation joined, and it was obvious that the professional singers and organists aimed to make it easy for them to do so.

Henry Ward Beecher used to say to his great choir and noted organist, John Zundel, "Now mind, I tell you, if you stop my congregation from singing I will blow you and your organ and your choir into smithereens." This was one of his *facetiae*, but it showed how discriminating was his estimate of the

function to be subserved by choirs and organs. Mr. Spurgeon would have no musical instrument, saying that God preferred the sound of human voices to any sounds that human hands could make.

The last was an extreme statement. When St. John speaks of the voices of the heavens praising God he says, "And a voice came out of the throne saying, Praise our God, all ye His servants, and ye that fear Him, both small and great. And I heard as it were the voice of a great multitude, and as the voice of many waters, and as the voice of mighty thunderings, saying, Allelujah! for the Lord God omnipotent reigneth." But St. John also says that mingled with the voice of the waters and the thunder and the sounds and of a great multitude, "I heard the voice of harpers harping with their harps."

The Young Preacher and the Children.*From the Homiletic Review:*

There is hardly a more important question for a young pastor than this: "How can I get a large number of children to listen to my weekly sermon, and join with the general congregation in worship?"

If what has been said is true, it is obvious that every thought of the preacher on the subject of preaching to children, and every program of his on this line, should proceed from the aim of leading this class God-ward through the instrumentality of the church service.

But there is along with this aim, possibly, a danger to be avoided. It seems to me that harm must result from giving children the impression that they are regarded as constituting a distinct class. If there are three sexes—men, women, and ministers—as certain naughty critics of our profession have urged, there are not two classes of hearers of our sermons—human beings and children. And it is questionable whether the average child, say of ten, quite enjoys being put in a separate category from his elders in church relations. This is true of both sexes, but it is particularly true of boys. Earlier than most people suppose who have not considered the matter, a boy will resent being considered and treated as a "child" in school or church. He will early come to feel complimented by an assumption of his possession of a measure of adult intelligence. He soon comes to look upon childhood as meaning *weakness*, and manhood as *strength*. And consequently the danger is that many, even of the age of childhood, will be repelled

rather than attracted if they are regarded as a distinct class, or addressed as *children*. And accordingly here appears a possible evil effect of sermons professedly designed for children, or of a rule of "five-minute sermons for children" in connection with thirty-minute sermons for adults. Furthermore, the plan of preaching to children as children may lead the little people to conclude that sermons not so labeled contain nothing for them, and that it is something of an imposition to require them to listen to the latter. Much the same argument may be urged, of course, against "sermons to young men," and the like. In fact, every sermon should appeal somewhat to young men and women; and the best sermon for children is that which possesses a broad human interest, and which attracts the attention of the youngest hearer simply because it conveys important truth in plain and sprightly language. And it is to be added that the average child has a much greater capacity to grasp mature thought than he is generally credited with.

Twentieth Century Preaching.*From the Methodist Recorder:*

Dr. Stephen A. Northup, of Kansas City, recently delivered an address before the ministerial students and faculty of William Jewell College, Mo., on "Twentieth Century Preaching and Preachers." The whole address was a most excellent one, but the announcement of certain general principles or don'ts, by which he regulated his own ministry, are so tensely, pertinently and happily stated that we append them here for the benefit of our own ministerial readers. His don'ts apply to nineteenth as well as twentieth century preachers. "Don't exaggerate," he says. "Don't fool with doubts. Don't let success tip you over. Don't dabble in business ventures. Don't snub anybody, not even a book-agent. Don't jolt in ruts—vary your services and methods. Don't make long pulpit prayers. Don't imitate others—better be a poor original than a fine copy. Don't preach long sermons. Don't be cold in your delivery—preach red-hot from the heart a positive gospel. Don't speak in a monotone—the voice has numerous keys, play on as many as possible. Don't harp too much on one string—variety is pleasing and God's word gives ample choice of themes. Don't tire people out with long introductions—you can spoil the appetite for dinner by too much thin soup. Don't neglect study and closet prayer—the finest human pipes give forth no

music unless filled with the Divine breath. Don't bawl or scream—too much water stops mill wheels, and too much voice drowns sense. Don't scold your congregation or your burden-bearers. Don't go on after you have finished, saying, 'As I said before'—if you said it before, say something else after, let the clatter of the mill cease when the corn is ground." Most excellent advice, is it not, but who has the courage to profit by it? Shakespeare says, "I can better teach twenty what were good to be done, than to be one of twenty to follow my own teachings."

Jottings from the Letters of Fred Bordwell and Rushton McConnell on the way to Manila.

Sailing out of San Francisco bay with a choppy sea, it is not to be wondered at that a large proportion of them—and few had been upon the ocean before—were in the condition of one of our number having charge of the carrier pigeons at the time of their release at the Farallones, where he "wouldn't have cared if they had made pot-pie of the birds." However, after two or three days the sea quieted, the port-holes were opened, officers as well as men began to get their sea-legs, meals could be taken in the large airy mess-room instead of on deck, and soldier life, or such as was possible on board ship, commenced. Nearly every one was seasick, probably not over 6 per cent. escaping, of which fortunate number Fred B. was one. One day was much like another with little to vary the programme—eating, talking, reading, sleeping, etc., and the scenery of such an even character as to exhaust the vocabulary at one sitting—the photograph of one day would serve for that of another.

As far as eating was concerned it may be interesting to give the menu for five days taken from the journal of one of our boys.

MONDAY. *Supper*, only hard tack (it was expected that the boys would be seasick and need nothing).

TUESDAY. *Breakfast*: hardtack and cheese; *dinner*, hardtack, boiled ham and potatoes; *supper*, slum (stew).

WEDNESDAY. *Breakfast*: pork and beans; *dinner*, mutton, potatoes, soup; *supper*, beans and hardtack.

THURSDAY. *Breakfast*: bread and stew; *dinner*, bread, pork and potatoes; *supper*, good canned salmon and hardtack.

FRIDAY. *Breakfast*: pork and potatoes; *dinner*, salmon, potatoes, hardtack; *supper*, stew.

With all these meals coffee was served, such as it was, but recorder of

above did not use it and he was about the only one entirely free from cramps or similar trouble.

As the vessels did not get into Honolulu until the 5th of July, the Fourth was duly observed on board with double rations, fully appreciated, reading of Declaration of Independence, "America" and "Battle Hymn" by soldiers, "Star Spangled Banner" by band, and oration; a few fireworks in the evening. Never, it almost seems, until this war, has the "Star Spangled Banner" been possessed of so much meaning as now. We have read of the wounded soldiers near Santiago joining in the song while their comrades fought. Again at Camp Merritt, in certain quarters, the striking up the air by the band was the signal for the removal of hats and the flag itself must be saluted when passed; and here again on board ship the band play the "Star Spangled Banner" at retreat (7:10 p. m.) on forward deck and all stand up and face forward, uncovered. Our flag has taken on new meaning.

On board ship the boys were given their fatigue and white duck uniforms and were thus enabled to make a more creditable appearance while in Honolulu where they arrived July 5th, and the reception given the boys convinced them that the Hawaiian ladies were trying to outdo their American sisters. Everything was at their service and, for the time being, the boys seemed to own the Hawaiian capitol. Three thousand at a sitting beneath a large tent seems a large number, but that was what occurred, with variety of dishes almost too numerous to name and quantity and quality to the full; and after the limitations on shipboard it is not to be wondered at that the boys fully appreciated good eating while on shore. Bathing on the beach, rides in the cars, interviews with Mrs. Dole, presentations to the President and in one instance, at least, dining with him, were among the hospitable events. As one instance of the good will shown, the Hawaiians paid the postage on the thousands of letters sent home from Honolulu.

More might be written of the boys' doings, but the article is already too long so will leave anything further until next time the boys are heard from.

Schurz to the Germans.

We ought to be thankful to the violent and abusive newspapers of Germany, which have insulted us with the vehemence and the vituperations of Spaniards, for they have called forth a noble letter from Mr. Carl Schurz to *Die Nation*, of Berlin, which is another of that eminent German-American's contributions to the welfare of his adopted country. This is what Mr. Schurz says, . . . and Mr. Schurz knows whereof he speaks better, probably, than any other living man:

German-Americans are proud of their new father-land, and know how to ap-

preciate its advantages and great qualities. Now that war is going on, they stand with their new country. Its friends are their friends, and its enemies their enemies.—*Harper's Weekly*.

A MINISTER'S EIGHT RULES

That Will Insure the Success of His Church and Pastoral Work.

Mrs. Lyman Abbott, in the July *Ladies' Home Journal*, lays down eight rules that are essential to a minister's successful church and pastoral work. These she has the minister himself proclaim:

1. I must be always ready to call when invited.
2. Must catch at every straw of an errand to take me to one of my people.
3. Draw out from others their interests rather than intrude my own, but always assume a common interest in the improvement of the town.
4. Never leave a house without having something on which to hang another call.
5. Never meet a person with criticism or fault-finding.
6. Prepare for calling as truly as for preaching.
7. Study especially the Master's way, and try to carry His spirit with me.
8. Keep always in mind that it is my business to bring men to a consciousness of God, and to an understanding of their relationship with Him.

How One of Our Lady Readers Makes a Good Living.

I have noticed the different ways in which some of your readers have been making money, and I wish now to give my experience. I am selling Baird's Non-Alcoholic Flavoring Powders, never making less than \$3 a day, and I oftentimes clear over \$5. These powders are much cheaper than the liquids and they go twice as far. From one to eight different flavors can be sold at most every house for flavoring ice cream, custards, cakes, candies, etc., and they give to any delicacy in which they are put that richness of flavor so common to the fruits and flowers they represent. Guaranteed to be perfectly healthful, I have not any trouble selling them. By writing to W. H. Baird & Co., Station A, Pittsburg, Pa., they give you full particulars and give you a start. I give my experience, hoping that others who are in need of employment can do as well as I have.

Real Warm Weather Rest and Comfort.

There is a powder to be shaken into the shoes called Allen's Foot-Ease, invented by Allen S. Olmsted, Le Roy, N. Y., which druggists and shoe dealers say is the best thing they have ever sold to cure swollen burning, sore and tender or aching feet. Some dealers claim that it makes tight or new shoes feel easy. It certainly will cure corns and bunions and will relieve instantly sweating, hot smarting feet. Allen's Foot-Ease costs only a quarter, and the inventor will send a sample to any address.

"The Alameda Co. King's Daughter's Home for Incurables."

An adjourned session of the first annual meeting of the society was held in the lecture-room of the First Presbyterian church, Oakland, on the 15th inst. Most of the annual members were present. After the reading of Scripture from Phil. 2:1-11, Rev. S. S. Palmer led in prayer; followed by a sacred song from Mrs. C. L. Dingley. The president gave special emphasis to the providential care and guidance in the affairs of the "Home" and expressed the gratitude of the society to the friends who have so materially helped in the good work, mentioning in particular the kindness of Dr. Bronson, the timely assistance of the Advisory Board, especially E. A. Sherman their attorney, the press; and also those who have helped to furnish the "Home" and otherwise contributed to the so worthy object. She also spoke of the new feature of the work brought about by the war; in that many sick and helpless ones, whose protectors have gone to bear the hardships of soldier life and are even now braving the heat of battle, climate and fever for our country and humanity's sake, are left to be cared for by others; and the "Home" society is called upon to help care for those left suffering and alone. Consequently as the "Home" extends its usefulness it becomes necessary to increase its capacity, or, could the society hope for an offer from some kind benefactor of a building ready for the purpose? With God's continued favor and the desired co-operation, the society could go on fulfilling its mission "in His name and for His sake."

The secretary gave a very comprehensive report and accurate account of the condition and workings of the society, and the treasurer's report was most encouraging and was followed by addresses from Rev. A. Bailey, Rev. McDonald and Rev. S. S. Palmer, contributing to the general interest of the meeting and encouraging the members in their work of love. After the singing of the hymn "My Faith Looks Up to Thee," led by Mrs. H. Wetherbee and accompanied by Mrs. A. J. McKnight, the following directors were duly elected for the ensuing year:

Mrs. Laura Albrecht, president; Mrs. Marion Wood, 1st vice president; Mrs. C. C. Clay, 2nd vice president; Mrs. A. A. Sherman, secretary; Mrs. E. N. Swift, treasurer; Mrs. Nellie E. Craft, corresponding secretary; Directors: Mrs. P. F. Thomas, Mrs. F. Norma Evans, Mrs.



Slashing at shadows

—those misguided women who won't use **Pearline** because "it must hurt the clothes." If **Pearline** hurt either hands or clothes, don't you suppose that the women who use it would be saying so? The very ease of its washing keeps many from using **Pearline**. They've been brought up to believe that easy washing is dangerous. So it is, often. That is a risk you run with new and untried things. But **Pearline**, the first and original washing-compound, is as well-known as soap, and known and proved to be equally harmless.

Millions ^{NOW} USE **Pearline**

Eliza Wolfenden, Mrs. H. Wetherbee, Mrs. O. M. Kellogg.

The Soldier Boys' Comfort Bags.

To encourage the ladies who have engaged in the good work of furnishing to our brave "soldier boys comfort bags," accompanied with letters of sympathy and Christian advice, we reproduce the following item which appeared in the *Retail Grocer's Advocate* of a late date, showing how one of these letters was received and appreciated by a soldier, who was of course an entire stranger to the writer.

HIS MOTHER'S BOY.

Mrs. Sam Seymour may well be proud of her soldier boy. We give his picture below and the face shows him to be courageous, honest, kindly and manly to the core. A letter that came from him to Mrs. Seymour by a recent steamer showed how thoroughly the kindness of the ladies of the Red Cross Society is appreciated. He wrote:

"It was here in Honolulu that I first opened the 'comfort bag' given me by the ladies of the Red Cross at the camp. There among the threads and needles was a letter, the earnest sympathy of which filled me with almost as much

pleasure as if some of our San Francisco friends had stepped up and shaken hands with me. I enclose the letter and, mother, I want you to go around and tell that lady how much good her friendly words did for a boy far, far away from home."

There was more personal matter which of course, is sacred. Then came the letter which read as follows.

May 19, 1898.

Perhaps the owner of this little "comfort bag" was one of those whose steady step I watched, as the tired companies marched through Van Ness Ave. on their way to the Presidio. It seemed hard to realize that in this land of peace, these men were really going into scenes of battle and bloodshed. But so it is, and those circumstances must be prepared for. We hope these articles will be a real comfort in some hour of need when, far from a mother's love, or sister's care, your lonely heart yearns for those loved ones. The same sky that covers you will brood over them, and the same God whose tender mercies are over all His works will hear your cry when you call upon Him. Have you learned thus to seek His care and protection? To become an heir of the Eternal Life promised to the believer in Christ Jesus? May you study His word and become wise unto salvation!

H. A. S.

San Francisco.

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Literature of the Day.

All books and magazines received will be acknowledged promptly. Any extended notice will be at the option of the Literary Editor.

BOOK REVIEWS.

THE SPANIARD IN HISTORY, by James C. Fernald. Funk & Wagnalls Company, New York and London. Coast Agents, E. D. Bronson & Co., 933 Market street. Price 75 cents.

The facts of history, in the case of Spain, are equivalent to an arraignment of that nation before the bar of justice and humanity. This little book gives but an outline of the history of the nation whose cup of iniquity seems now at last to be full. But this outline is enough to show that Admiral Cervera's boast is well founded. "Spain today is the Spain of all time." The selfish greed and cruelty which characterize the present generation of Spaniards in their treatment of the people of Cuba and the Philippines are no new things in the history of that nation, no departure from old ways, no degeneracy from a noble past. They are the dreadful past acted over again by new actors, who by inhumanities which make the world shudder show themselves to be true sons of Ferdinand and Torquemada, of Philip and Alva, of Cortez and Pizarro. The book is timely and interesting, and an admirable compend of what all our people, old and young, ought to know about Spain.

SANDY SCOTT'S BIBLE CLASS. New York, Bonnell, Silver & Co. For sale by J. D. Hammond, 1037 Market St., San Francisco. Price 50 cents.

To lovers of the Scottish dialect this is a delightful book, fresh and breezy in style, and full of quaint humor. And readers who at the same time are lovers of the pure and simple gospel of grace, will find here the truth they love taught and illustrated in a most delightful way. Sandy Scott was certainly a great teacher, and his talks to his class, through rather informal and unmethodical, were full of blessing to every member. One of the class was disposed to find fault with his teaching. "Sandy aye leans to the practical side; he's no muckle notion of metaphysics." Yet Sandy so skilfully handled the "metaphysical" subjects which this pupil brought up as to win the caviller to Christ and fill his heart with the peace and joy of the gospel. We commend the book to teachers and preachers. It is full of helpful suggestions.

EASY LESSONS IN VOCAL CULTURE AND VOCAL EXPRESSION, by S. S. Hamill, A. M. New York, Eaton & Mains; for sale by J. D. Hammond, 1037 Market St., San Francisco. Price 60 cents.

This little book is designed for the use of classes in Grammar and High Schools, Academies and Normal Schools. It is clear, concise and systematic in presenting the essential elements and principles of vocal utterance, and avoids as far as possible all technical terms. Sixty-four lessons are given, in each of which practical and theoretical instruction are combined in due proportions. And sixty-five pages of selections for

reading and declamation follow, presenting a variety well suited to illustrate all the principles taught.

THE NEW CITIZENSHIP. Christian Character in its Biblical Ideals, Sources and Relations. By Samuel Zane Batten. (Green Fund Book No. 12a.) 12mo, cloth, pp. 306. Price, 90 cents. Philadelphia: The American Sunday-School Union, 1122 Chestnut Street.

In April, 1896, the American Sunday-School Union offered one thousand dollars in two prizes, as provided under the John C. Green Income Fund. One prize was \$600. for the best book, and the other \$400 for the next best book, written for the Society, on "Forming and Maintaining Character on the Principles of the Bible."

To this book was awarded the first prize. A prize book is expected to be good, since it is chosen from many in a free field where every one can compete. This volume on *The New Citizenship* is a rich treasure. It will provoke thought, awaken aspiration and inspire to nobler living. The right ideal is portrayed in a masterful fashion, showing profound spiritual apprehension and a wide acquaintance with "the best that has been known and thought in the world." "The Guide Book," which is the key to life and its mission, receives not only a tribute of praise but also a suggestive treatment of the best methods of studying the Scriptures. There is a profound philosophy in the threefold suggestion: read by books for revelation; by characters for inspiration; and by topics for doctrine. "The Road Over Calvary" is the route by which the Christian pilgrim is to reach the ideal state. "The Inner Room" of prayer is reverently unveiled as by one who has tarried in its sacred precincts.

Literary Notes.

Dr. Hammond, of The Methodist Book Concern, 1037 Market street, San Francisco, has sent out a number of circulars describing the two books by Chas. M. Sheldon, "In His Steps," and "Crucifixion of Phillip Strong." After the description of the books is added the following postscript: We have had many inquiries about these notable books, especially "In His Steps," which has had a most wonderful record, and the interest increases. It might be the means of an awakening or revolution in your church if circulated. Our price, paper 20 cents, cloth 60c. If by mail, postage extra five cents. Any of his other books may be had at these prices singly. The other volumes are "His Brother's Keeper," "Malcolm Kirk, Overcoming the World," and "Robert Hardy's Seven Days." A special offer is made on five volumes, one each of the five, or five of one kind for \$1.00 postage paid. We particularly recommend "In His Steps" for use in missionary work in the church. This is a study of important social questions from a Christian standpoint and is intensely interesting.

Fleming H. Revell Company have ready several very important works on missions. The most important of them (it is indeed probably the most important book on missions issued during re-

cent years) is "Christian Missions and Social Progress," by Rev. James S. Dennis, D. D., author of "Foreign Missions After a Century." It is truly a monumental work and will surely find a place in the library of every one interested in missions.

Magazines.

The *American Antiquarian and Oriental Journal* is a magazine of great interest and value to all who are fond of antiquarian research. The July-August number contains articles on "Caves and Cliff Dwellings Compared," "The Story of the Serpent and the Tree," "The Holy Land, Pisgah and Mt. Hor," "Egyptological Notes," together with editorials, literary notes and book reviews. It is published bimonthly at Chicago (175 Wabash avenue), at \$4.00 per annum.



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The People of Hawaii.

Every man has the right to choose his companions; and the fact that his neighbor is not thus chosen does not in itself give that neighbor just cause for complaint. But when, in declining his companionship, a man declares another unfit company for a gentleman, the latter may feel that failure to resent it with proper spirit would be almost equivalent to an admission that the imputation was just. Somewhat similar to this is the position in which the people of Hawaii are placed by certain creators of public sentiment in America.

Hawaii, through her Government, has solicited the privilege of becoming a part of the United States. This proposition has provoked much discussion, both among Americans and among the people of other countries. A great part of this has been temperate and thoughtful. Reasons for and against the annexation of Hawaii have been properly presented. In the course of the controversy many important questions of policy and principle have been raised. The people of Hawaii have neither the right nor the inclination to object to full and free discussion of the matter in all its bearings; and what the final decision will be it is the province of the American people to determine. If the people of the United States, through their chosen representatives, decide against annexing Hawaii, that fact alone will give no one a right to complain. But those public speakers and writers who would spurn us as unfit for, or unworthy of, the citizenship and companionship of the free, enlightened, and highly civilized American people compel us to resent their aspersions. . . .

When first I came among the Hawaiian people, I was surprised to find the school children able to put to shame, with their knowledge of Garfield, Grant, Lincoln, Washington, Gladstone, Beaconsfield, Bismarck, "Unser Fritz," Nelson and Napoleon, the American school children with whom I had come in contact. Although the Hawaiian press has deteriorated somewhat since that time, Hawaiian newspapers still give a greater amount of news from foreign lands than would be appreciated by the readers of American country newspapers. Our statistics of literacy are liable to give a false impression, since they include all persons over six years of age. But it is as rare an occurrence to find an illiterate adult Hawaiian in Hawaii as it is to find an illiterate adult American in the most favored State in the Union; and such has been the case for a generation.

Yet these are the people who must bear the brunt of the malice or ignorance of cartoonists and writers, who think it funny to caricature them as ridiculous savages.—Mr. H. S. Townsend in the *July Forum*.

Religious Dissent as a Producer of Colonies.

The great Puritan settlements of New England are unapproachable examples of the strength, cohesion, durability, and power of generating new communities which that sentiment can give. Its complexion may vary. There are many degrees between the ecclesiastical theocracy of Massachusetts and the secular theocracy of Pennsylvania and west New Jersey, with the transcendental theocracy of Rhode Island as a middle term. In east New Jersey three distinct types were blended. Where religious enthusiasm does not generate colonies, it endows them with a principle of life. Commercial New York might have remained an inorganic community of traders but for the influx

of exiles from all Protestant Europe, who gave it the energy of a world-city. If Canada was founded by fishermen and adventurers, it was built up by religious zealots. The sturdy communities of French farmers and Dutch Boers in South Africa had religious dissent as their *raison d'être* and still have a strong religious faith as their chief social bond. In our own time two remarkable colonies have been established in the south seas on religious or at least ecclesiastical principles. The Otago Association and the Canterbury Association, which settled the southern parts of New Zealand about the middle of the century, were respectively the outcome of the disruption of the Kirk in 1843 and of the Tractarian movement in the same decade. Both societies had all the characteristics of church settlements: the emigration was homogeneous and of an excellent class; the clerical element had a large share in the government; and many of the institutions had an ecclesiastical tinge.—James Collier, in *Appletons' Popular Science Monthly* for July.

"CALL A SPADE A SPADE."

Some People too Modest to Confide in their Physician—A Woman Cured of a Serious Disease by a Certain Method, the Only Drawback of which was, it "Made Her Too Fat."

From the Evening News, Detroit, Mich.

The doctor came in haste, and found his patient again in great agony from a splitting headache. It was his fifth call on the same patient, and each time to treat the same trouble. With a suspicion that his diagnosis was incorrect and that he was treating a symptom and not the disease, he said to her: "Madam, it is useless for me to visit you again. You are keeping from me facts and symptoms which it is necessary I should know." The patient finally acknowledged that, through a false modesty, she had not told him all. Then she told him how she had suffered from female weakness but had kept it from him—*too modest* to speak. The old doctor was disgusted at such prudishness, but when he knew the facts, cured her easily and quickly.

The following case differs from the above, only in the fact that the patient is *not* afraid to speak, and to "call a spade a spade."

"Words fail to describe the suffering I endured before I used Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People," said Mrs. Alexander B. Clark, of 417 Michigan Avenue, Detroit, Mich. "For five years I have suffered from ovarian troubles and was confined to my room for months at a time, I have undergone two operations for this trouble at the hospital, and seemed to grow worse instead of better. I had the best doctors and the best nursing, but for nearly five years I was not free for one single day from the most fearful headaches and intense twitching pains in my neck and shoulders.

"You would scarcely believe, to look at me now, that for about three days every week for nearly six years, I had to stay in bed. Those headaches would come on me every week regularly. First I would notice black spots before my eyes, and then I would go blind, and send for the doctor.

"At first they would treat me for indigestion and dyspepsia, then finally acknowledge that something else caused the trouble. During these spells I was so nervous that I could not

bear to have my husband walk across the floor, and as the doctors said there was no medicine that would reach my trouble, I consented to the operations, which left me worse off than I was before.

"In January of this year there was an article in the *Evening News* about the druggists that sold Dr. Williams' Pink Pills in Detroit. I told my husband I was going to try them and he said, 'try anything.'

"The next morning I went into Murphy Brothers' drug store and bought a box of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. Mr. Murphy said he had a big sale for the pills and personally knew many people who had been helped by them. I took the pills as directed, but was not helped a bit, and I told Mr. Murphy so, but he suggested that I give them a better trial. Before I had finished the second box I began to feel better and went down and bought a dozen boxes. When I had taken six boxes my headaches were gone, but I continued using the pills until I had taken twelve boxes.

"Just think what I have suffered by operations and vile medicines, when a simple remedy cured me.

"There is only one thing against Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People," continued Mrs. Clark, "they made me fat. Since I commenced taking them, in January, I have gained twenty-six pounds. I remember the many times when my friends came to see me, when I was so thin and weak, that they expected to hear that I was dead the next week. Today I am perfectly well, and never felt better in my life, and it is due to Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People."

All the elements necessary to give new life and richness to the blood and restore shattered nerves are contained in Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People. They are for sale by all druggists, or may be had by mail from Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Schenectady, N. Y., for 50c. per box, or six boxes for \$2.50.

The Causes of Spain's Decadence.

When Charles V. was obliged, says Henry C. Lea in the July *Atlantic*, to renounce the dream of a universal monarchy, and to abandon the Holy Roman Empire to his brother Ferdinand, he was still able to make over to his son Philip II. territories which rendered Spain the preponderating power in the civilized world. Besides his ancestral dominions in the Peninsula, to which, in 1580, he added Portugal, Philip was master of the wealthy Netherlands, of Milan and Naples, of the Mediterranean islands, and of the New World. His revenues far exceeded those of any other monarch, his armies were admitted to be the most formidable in Europe, and his command of the sea was disputed only by the Turk, whose navy he crushed at Lepanto, until the disasters of the Armada gave warning that the old methods of maritime warfare were becoming obsolete. In every way the supremacy of Spain was the dread of the nations, and its destruction was the cherished object of statesmen for a century. It was not their efforts, however, which accomplished the result. Olivares, it is true, was overmatched by Richelieu, but Spain had a vantage-ground enabling her to hold her own against external assault. The causes of her decadence were internal; they were numerous, but may be roughly defined as springing from pride, conservatism, and clericalism.

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Royal Players of the Harp.

When Christianity obtained a triumphant foothold in Ireland, about 425 A. D., the decline of the harp as a sacred instrument began, although it was retained for a time in the sanctuary. In the closing years of the twelfth century laymen were permitted to become harpists.

The medieval age witnessed the most stirring and romantic period of the harp's history. King Griffith ap Conan brought it from Ireland into Wales and gave it a royal standing in 1098. King, noble, and gentleman found an ability to play the instrument a mandatory qualification imposed by their social position. Many minstrels and troubadours became very proficient performers and regaled the courts of Europe and the far east with its resonant melodies, teaching the harpist's art to kings, princes, and royal favorites. King James of Scotland and Mary Queen of Scots were among the rulers who are recorded to have mastered the harmony of the harp. "Good Queen Bess," however, instituted a crusade of persecution against the whole fraternity of wandering harpists, with the purpose of exterminating the entire race of Irish bards. Thus was the harp driven from the isle of the druids, but not until it had secured a permanent place in the field of the national banner and had bequeathed to "Tara's Halls" an immortal fame.—"The Harp," by Forrest Crissey, in *The Chauquan* for July.

Reading the Signals.

The latest joke on Pat is told (in the *Washington Star*) by the captain of one of the big schooners that bring ice from the Kennebec to Washington. Pat wanted to get from Washington to Norfolk, and had no money. His story excited the sympathy of the ship-master, who finally agreed to let him work his passage.

Pat was willing, but densely ignorant of all things maritime, and no real sea duty fell to him until the vessel was sailing down Chesapeake bay with a fair wind and plenty of sea-room. The captain then told Pat to take a turn at lookout forward and instructed him to promptly report anything he might see. It was a clear night, and soon after the lookout took his position he sang out:

"Ah, captain."

"Well, Pat."

"There's something out here foreninst the boat."

"What is it?" said the captain, to test Pat's seafaring knowledge, the lights of an approaching steamer being visible.

"I raly couldn't say for shure, sur," says Pat, "but I suspect it's a drug-store. There's a red and a grane light."

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The following is a partial list of the speakers and teachers expected: Rev. George H. C. Macgregor and Rev. G. Campbell Morgan, London, England; Rev. A. T. Pierson, D. D., Brooklyn; Rev. H. C. Mabie, Boston; Rev. R. A. Torrey, Chicago; Mr. Charles Dudley Smith, London, England; Prof. W. W. White, India; Rev. A. C. Dixon, Brooklyn, and Dr. C. I. Scofield, Northfield. Messrs. Ira D. Sankey and George C. Stebbins will have charge of the singing. Yours in the Master's service,
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HUMOR.

A small Scotch boy was summoned to give evidence against his father who was accused of making disturbances in the streets. Said the bailie to him:

"Come, my wee mon, speak the truth, an' let us know all ye ken about this affair."

"Weel, sir," said the lad, "d'ye ken Inverness street?"

"I do, laddie," replied his worship.

"Weel, ye gang along it and turn into the square, and cross the square—"

"Yes, yes," said the bailie, encouragingly.

"And when ye gang across the square ye turn to the right and up into High street, and keep on up High street, till ye come to a pump."

"Quite right, my lad; proceed," said his worship; "I know the old pump well."

"Weel," said the boy, with the most infantile simplicity, "ye may gang and pump it, for ye'll no pump me."

A trolley line in Rochester is crossed by three consecutive streets which bear masculine surnames. An Irishman with a carpet-bag entered, and sat down near the door. Four or five other men completed the list of passengers. The car swung around the corner of Chestnut street. "James!" shouted the conductor. A man signalled him: the car stopped, and the man alighted. A half-minute afterward the car neared another cross street, "William!" announced the conductor. Another man got out. The Irishman's eyes grew visibly larger. "Alexander!" shouted the conductor. The third man left the car. When it had started on, the Irishman arose, and approached the conductor. "Oi want to git out at Annoo B.," he said. "Me foorsht name is Michael."

He: "You seem—ah—er—distant this evening."

She: "Well your chair isn't nailed down."—*Indianapolis Journal*.

Some one once sent to Eugene Field a poem entitled, "Why Do I Live?" Field sent back the reply: "Because you send your verses by mail."—*Ex.*

"You ought to give ice-cream with ice-cream puddings," said the lady at the lunch counter.

"Well, we don't," replied the waitress. "Nor we don't give cottages with cottage pudding either," and the conversation closed.—*Ex.*

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